6-1949

The Cresset (Vol. XII, No. 8)

Walther League

JUNE 1949

THE CRESSET

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS AND CURRENT AFFAIRS

VOL. XII NO. 8

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

THE CRESSET

IN THE JUNE CRESSET:

THE CRESSET is published monthly except August by the Walther League. Publication office: 425 South 4th Street, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota. Editorial office: 875 North Dearborn Street, Chicago 10, Illinois. Entered as second class matter November 9, 1940, at the post office at Minneapolis, Minnesota, under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: Domestic—One-year, $3.00; two-year, $5.50; three-year, $8.00. Canadian—Same as domestic if paid in United States funds; if paid in Canadian funds, add 10% for exchange and 15 cents service charge on each check or money order. Foreign—$3.25 per year in United States funds. Single copy, 35 cents.

THE CRESSET

VOLUME 12 June 1949 NUMBER 8

Notes and Comment

BY THE EDITORS

Freedom to Slander

WE HAVE known for some time that we would eventually have to say something about Drew Pearson, but we have put it off as long as we could because we did not like to intrude his name into a magazine designed for family reading. Unfortunately, the choice is no longer ours. There comes a time when to keep still is to give tacit assent. And that we cannot do.

It has become one of the accolades of faithful public service to be publicly smeared by Pearson. What his motives may be, we cannot even guess. If he actually is tempestuously in love with the Republic, as he professes to be, then we can only say that he chooses very strange ways to demonstrate his love. His recent slander of one of our great public servants is typical of his methods.

By the time this reaches our readers, it may have been forgotten that Pearson in one of his Sunday night bile spillings stated that former Secretary of Defense Forrestal was taken insane to Walter Reed Hospital after his retirement. What actually happened, of course, was that Mr. Forrestal was admitted for treatment for mental and physical exhaustion. In other words, Mr. Forrestal had given every ounce of his strength to his country and needed to have his strength rebuilt.

Now why could Pearson not have reported the facts as they were? What was to be gained by the gratuitous slander of an exemplary public servant? We are not prepared to say that Pearson was deliberately trying to give

countries which do not think kindly of us a propaganda gimmick (although Radio Moscow gleefully took up the report and gave it wide publicity). Nor can we imagine that he repeated the story because he felt that the public needed to know it in order to decide more intelligently the great issues that confront us. We suspect that there was a reason but as journalists we do not report suspicions.

Let us say only this. There are pitifully few places on the earth where one can speak and write freely. We are fortunate enough to be living in one of those places. But that freedom will be lost to us also if it is grossly and consistently abused. Pearson, whether he knows it or not, is gnawing away at a priceless freedom. We should not like to see the contempt which he has deserved turned into anger and resentment against the whole profession of which he claims to be a member.

Laughter at Lake Success

We do not wish to be responsible for the blood of any man, even a Russian vice-commissar, but we feel duty-bound to report that Comrade Malik has fallen from the faith. Comrade Malik is a vice-commissar for foreign affairs and has been attending the United Nations sessions at Lake Success.

Last March, at the time of the reshuffling of the upper brass in the Soviet government, Comrade Malik was asked for a comment. And talk about a capitalist-imperialist ham! Malik jumped into the opening with both feet and established an unchallengeable claim to the title of the Communist Red Skelton.

"I do not know," he said. "I cannot get one of your American radio sets to pick up Radio Moscow. Perhaps there is an atomic curtain between here and Moscow. There is something that prevents reception in the atmosphere. Perhaps it is too chilly."

(The script here should read: "Sustained laughter, whistles, and applause.")

Well, Comrade Malik, that was a nice try but it illustrates again that the political mind is a little too heavy for real humor. We have the same trouble with our capitalist-imperialist politicians. But keep trying, boy. Remember, Fred Allen himself started out as a juggler. And NBC could still use a good man in that six o'clock Sunday spot.

The Fourth Reich?

The logic of events has finally forced us to accept the logic of history and geography and so

a new German state is being built out of the wreckage of Hitler's Third Reich.

We view the rebuilding with many misgivings. There is so much that is good and noble and praiseworthy in the German people but we cannot evade the truth that they have often followed wicked or mad leaders. A new German state represents a threat to peace but, as we have seen so clearly during the past three years, no German state represents an even greater threat to the peace.

We hope that the Franco-British-American allies will, this time, allow the German people the widest possible freedom in setting up their state. The key to the German "problem" lies not so much in Germany's relation to the outside world as in Germany's finding herself in her own soul. She must be allowed to work out her own problems and to set up a state which, in its relation to its own people and to its neighbors, will stand for the best in German life and thinking.

Certainly it is not the form of the state, its political organization, that need concern us greatly. Forms are only forms, as we saw so clearly when Adolf Hitler, in complete conformity to the very democratic Weimar constitution, set up his dictatorship. It is the spirit of the people that counts, and that spirit, if it is devoted to the ideals of peace and freedom, can and will build a free and peaceful state even within the form of an absolute government. Great Britain itself is the best example of such a state.

We shall kill any possibility of a democratic Germany if we attempt to impose upon her a government which has no roots in the people themselves. Men learn freedom not from precept but from example. If, at long last, we have accepted the fact that a fragmented and occupied Germany is a threat to the peace, we must now accept the corollary fact that Germany cannot be reunited and rebuilt except from within and that our best contribution to the work lies in establishing a climate of freedom and security against external force within which the Germans can do their work.

On Fathers' Day

SOME time ago, a friend of ours called to our attention an article that appeared in one of the weeklies under the heading, "Don't Shoot Father—Save Him for Laughs." Ever since then, we have been trying to account for the strange place the American male occupies in American society and we must confess that we haven't been able to figure it out.

The typical husband and fa-

ther, as he is portrayed on the stage or in the press or on the radio, shapes up either a) as a cantankerous, profane old curmudgeon or b) as a blithering idiot at the mercy of his much more intelligent women-folks. The two extremes are epitomized in Clarence Day and Dagwood Bumstead. For us, the problem has an immediate importance because, having ourselves but recently acquired the dignity of fatherhood, we feel a kind of social compulsion to get in character and live up to one of the two conceptions of our role.

As another Fathers' Day rolls around, we find ourselves still vacillating between the two extremes. Despite extreme provocation on the part of our youngster, we refuse to give up our sunny disposition. On the other hand, *amour propre* stands in the way of our becoming a Dagwood. And so we stand in between the two, just as our father and our grandfather did, cantankerous at times and foolish at times but still (we hope) more respected than feared, more loved than understood.

Word From the Hive

AN AUSTRIAN scientist, Dr. Karl von Frisch, has succeeded in making a fair-size chink in the wall that separates the insect world from the human world. After forty years of close observation, he has managed to make out a little of the language of the bees.

According to the doctor, a single bee hive may contain as many as 70,000 individual bees of whom about six will be bold insects who range far and wide in search of food. When these "finders" discover a rich supply, they report back to the hive and, by means of a dance, give directions to their fellows to enable them to go out and get it. The distance to the food is given by the number of wiggles in the dance. The direction is indicated by the prevailing orientation of the finder during the dance.

Without in the least wishing to detract from Dr. von Frisch's remarkable discovery, we would like to mention that his findings coincide rather closely with some conclusions we reached after studying the academic situation in American colleges and universities. The ratio of bold souls to the total number seems to be about the same in academic life as in the bee hive. The direction of the truth can usually be deduced from the prevailing orientation of the scholar just as the direction of the food can be deduced from the prevailing orientation of the finder bee. And often one can tell how far our scholars are from

the truth by their squirmings, just as the bees can tell it from the wiggles of the finders.

The one major point of difference that we noted was that whereas the bees watch the finders intently to learn from them, academic people often give a rather chilly reception to the finders who come back with stories of new insights and new horizons. We ascribe that to the superior intelligence of man.

Freedom to Learn

PRESIDENT HAROLD W. DODDS of Princeton, speaking at the 200th anniversary convocation of Washington and Lee University, added his voice to the growing number of educators who are warning that private education is in danger of being killed in the United States.

It would be hard to overestimate the gravity of the danger. Education, in its very nature, is a potentially dangerous thing because it equips man to think and do things which might otherwise be beyond his capacities. State-supported education, wherever it has appeared, has shown a tendency toward standardization, toward limiting the search for truth, which could and probably would have dangerous implications.

The situation as it stands now is this. Our tax structure largely shuts off the flow of private gifts to private schools which has heretofore kept them going. Meanwhile, grants by state governments have allowed the state-supported institutions to expand enormously, to pay salaries which the private schools cannot match, to buy equipment which would be far beyond the resources of the private school. And now the proposal to grant federal funds to schools threatens to accelerate the trend toward state education.

If the day of private education is past, then a great age in American and world history is past also. Intellectual freedom cannot exist long where it exists by the sufferance of government. Illinois is already showing what can happen when legislatures get interested in college campuses. In Illinois, it is an investigation of Communism on the campus. Next year, we could see investigations of religious viewpoints. The next year, we could see investigations of instructors' economic views. It is still basically true that whose bread you eat his tune you pipe.

There is no danger to a free society in a free educational system where theory can meet theory in fair combat, where free minds are free to choose what they will and will not accept from many divergent viewpoints. There is

tremendous danger to a free society in an educational system which must sacrifice even a small amount of its freedom for its financial support.

We agree wholeheartedly with President Dodds' assertion that "conditions today are less favorable" to the cause of liberal education "than they were even as late as twenty-five years ago." And we are as worried as he is.

Commencement Address

STILL on the subject of education, we take notice of the fact that this is the month of academic processions, hour-long commencement addresses, honorary doctorates, and new-fledged bachelors of arts and sciences. Some time ago, in the hope of swapping a commencement address for an honorary degree, we wrote up a few thoughtful observations on the general theme of "The Twilight of the Materiosaur" (we counted on that "materiosaur" business to bring in the invitations) and allowed word of our availability to filter out through the grapevine. Since no invitations have yet arrived, and since our address will not keep indefinitely, we take this opportunity to present it in rough outline.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Class of 1949, Friends (we would have said): I regret to say that the first task that confronts you as you leave these hallowed walls is to unlearn just about every attitude you have picked up since first, as toddlers, you entered school. The reason you must unlearn them is that you have been indoctrinated by a succession of materiosaurs who were trying to prepare you to live in a world of materiosaurs and that world is just about *kaput.*

The term "materiosaur" is my own invention and is compounded of the word "material" plus the suffix "saur," the same suffix you find in the names of a number of long-extinct animals such as the dinosaur and the brontosaur, creatures with huge bodies, tiny brains, and no souls. I use it to describe the certain type of man-like creature who has largely dominated the world scene during the past several generations—the man whose god was his body; who worshipped science because it could give him longer and sleeker cars, television sets, electrically heated blankets, and cigarettes that pampered the T-Zone; who applied his tiny brain to the problems of the universe and created a thousand new problems for every one he solved; who denied the existence of his soul, and in denying it killed it and became less than what he was meant to be.

The materiosaur had his day, a day that dragged on through two world wars, through an epidemic of neuroses and psychoses, through an unfounded optimism to an unrelieved pessimism, and now at length to a frantic attempt to create new gods and a new religion which will bring some kind of order out of his self-made chaos. Too late. The materiosaur is a thing of the past, a fit candidate for stuffing and preserving beside the dodo and *Tyrranosaurus Rex*.

That is why you must unlearn what you have been taught. You have been trained for extinction by those who are themselves all but extinct. Don't take my word for it. Read it in their own frenetic writings, in their desperate attempts to escape, in their pathological fear of things to come.

And then go out and look for the truth—not the agreed-upon hunches and suppositions that men have taught you but the certainties of Divine revelation. You will find that the Holy Spirit has more to say in one brief sentence than all of your professors had to say in sixteen years and that His wisdom leads not to extinction but to life, a life that is eternal.

The Moon on Channel 4

OUR science and humor editor has submitted his second report on the progress of television and we pass it along as a public service.

It seems that the video boys went to a great deal of trouble and no little expense to televise the total eclipse of the moon back in April. Despite their best efforts, however, the moon appeared on television simply as a white disc against the background of a black sky and could just as well have been an orange or a battered baseball lying on a length of black velvet.

We are still a table model radio family, so we missed the televised eclipse. However, we have a bedroom window that opens out to the east and we had a very clear view of the eclipse. And from our window, there was no mistaking the moon for an orange or a baseball. It was the old moon itself, dark spots and all. We watched the eclipse from beginning to end uninterrupted by wrestling matches or variety shows but accompanied all the way through by a soft breeze and a beautiful sky and a feeling of tremendous awe toward Him Whose glory the heavens tell.

The PILGRIM

"All the trumpets sounded for him on the other side." —PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

BY O. P. KRETZMANN

Retreat to Reality

TWICE a year, when the shy leaves of April appear and again when they flutter to the ground, a few of us slip away from office, pulpit and classroom for two days of talk far removed from typewriter and telephone. . . . We converge on an old gray building by the shore of a lake where the noise of our time is drowned by the beating of the waves of spring or autumn against the shore beneath our windows. . . . In the building there are provisions for a few meals, a meeting room, and a simple little chapel. . . . For a dozen hours we talk about God and life and time, walk under the oaks and elms listening with unwearied patience, and pray, briefly and simply, for the Church and the world—and ourselves. . . . Our time is always short because we believe (probably mistakenly) that the welfare of parishes and institutions depends upon our early return to pulpit and desk . . . but while we are there all of us know again the sudden quieting of the unquiet heart and the unfolding of the years, slowly, gently, which give depth and height to our own brief hour. . . .

What we talk about is probably less important than we like to imagine. . . . The subjects are significant enough, some of them even heavy with meaning for our troubled years . . . but the great fact is that we talk in complete freedom and complete understanding of one another and complete separation from the world which is too much with all of us. . . . Beyond the window of the room the miracle of spring or the dying of autumn is repeating itself as it has done since the first rainbow. . . . Occasionally, the sudden rains of spring or fall beat against the lattices and the world is filled with storm, but inside the room the words flow on, wise and unwise, sometimes disturbing, now

and then beautiful. . . . Much of what is said has been said before and will be said again, fumbling and faltering, until words are no longer necessary, but their eternal relevance makes them eloquent . . . with a strange sound which can only come from the open heart. . . .

I have often noted the need for something like that in our time . . the quick returning to the rock from which we were hewn . . . the long look, backward and forward . . . the benediction of solitude. . . . Here, however, solitude and community blend. . . . All of us know that we are seeing, in the routine of our lives, the death agonies of our world. . . . Our days and years are spent in watching the fever thermometer and rescuing, if God is good, a few souls from the conspiracy of death around us . . . a necessary task, but often unhopeful and dismaying in its greatness. . . . To come away from it for a few moments and to view it as the passing shadow in the turning of the divine hand, is good, exceedingly good, for the soul. . . .

Such tranquilizing hours, refreshing the worn spirit, are, as I have noted, of the very essence of the good life in the twentieth century. . . . There must be moments when we can dream to our heart's content of heaven and the things of God. . . . It is interesting to see how the tempo of the discussion rises and falls as the light of the sun beyond the ancient windows rises and falls. . . . There are moments when the entire company is alert, watching the course of an argument with deep and sustained interest. . . . There are also moments when the discussion languishes, the words come slowly, and the minds of all but a few are turned inward, to do the reaping alone, to look at a greater sun beyond the last window. . . . The greater part of our time is devoted to a discussion of war—the war between flesh and spirit, good and evil, God and man—but always, as in the Last Judgment of the rose-window at Chartres—the war and all its noise melts into the blue, limitless and silent, of heaven itself. . . .

My worn notebook turns up a sentence from a forgotten source: "The world is not so much in need of new thoughts as that when thought grows old and worn with usage it should, like current coin, be called in, and, from the mint of genius, reissued fresh and new." . . . A truth which can be applied in a thousand places in the world of 1949. . . . But the "mint of genius" is not enough . . . the "mint of God" would be better and truer. . . . Our thoughts, worn and often false now, should return again and again to the everlasting newness

of heaven. . . . We are eternal now, for good or evil, and we can find our light and leading only from the Eternal. . . . If a few more of us would only believe that and live it, we could probably be happier . . . and certainly free of the prison of our hurrying lives. . . .

Simple, Eloquent, Real, Long

THE following poem, reprinted here in its startling entirety, landed on my desk a few weeks ago. . . . Apparently it was written by a student, or group of students, at Valparaiso University, more than forty years ago. . . . It breathes the charm of that far-off, bucolic day. . . . From the literary point of view it is a remarkable fusion of Wordsworthian simplicity and Keatsian eloquence. . . . In it there appears also the first dawn of a new realism which was to dominate our literature for several decades. . . . I am certain that my readers will appreciate the poetic invention and boldness which rhymes such words as "hostess" and "justice," "home" and "done," and so forth. . . . The full rhythm and power of the poem can be felt most deeply if the entire work is read aloud, with the voice falling to the lower registers in the middle stanzas. . . . Here it is. . . .

OUR MICHIGAN CITY VISIT

It was on a pleasant morning, in the merry month of May,
We left College Hill in Valpo, just at the dawn of day;
With a coach-and-four of noble steeds the fleetest we could find
Just as the sun had risen, East Hall was left behind.

Each face wore cheerful happy smiles, no frowning brow was seen,
For Normal students all were we, and numbered just sixteen;
Kind fortune smiled upon us, and lent its brightest charms
To aid us on our journey and guide us from all harm.

We journeyed on through shady groves, and passed o'er wooded hills,
Saw many sturdy woodmen, who plied the ax with skill;
All Nature wreathed in robes of green, each forest, field, and lea,
High and clear the morning lark poured forth its sweetest melody.

Bright and clear the morning sun rose slowly out on high,
And cast its brilliant roseate beams athwart the morning sky;
Each member of our party enjoyed with pleasure rare
The grandest gift of nature, the cool refreshing air.

No lessons there for us to learn, no books to ponder o'er,
For we resolved that day to see, the sands of Michigan's shore;
And as we neared our journey's end, the glistening spires were seen
Of Michigan City's towering domes, above the treetops green.

At 9 a.m. we safely reached our pleasant journey's end,
And halted at a lodging house, a few moments there to spend;
The first object of our visit was the State prison's gloomy walls
Where we met the kindly warden, who led us through the halls.

At his side walked Mr. Seaton, the spokesman of our land,
Then came the fair Miss Goodwine, at her cavalier's right hand;
Following them came Mr. Sadler, his companion by his side,
Then Mr. Tyack and Mr. Lacy, with his prospective bride.

Nixon, with his Olive, and Florence, with her Lake,
With Shutt and Clara in the rear did the procession make;
The writer of this poem and his cousin, too, were there
To view the scenes of prison life, in which all convicts share.

Each iron-grated door we passed had its tale of woe to tell,
As it had guarded many a felon, in his dark and gloomy cell;
Across the prison yard we passed, to the workshop's busy hum
Where guarded convicts daily toil from dawn till set of sun.

Here, these poor unhappy mortals, who toil from day to day,
Now waste away their wretched lives with the penalty they pay;
Here are men whose youthful forms perhaps once graced a home
Who, in some thoughtless evil hour, the tempter's deed had done.

Perhaps some mother now is weeping for her thoughtless wayward boy,
Upon him her sole dependence, perhaps her only joy;
We fear her tears may fall in vain, stern justice here holds sway
And bids each shackled felon, its mandates to obey.

The dawn of manhood scarce had yet lit on his youthful brow,
And all the hopes that she had raised are crushed forever now;
Consumption stalks with ghastly form, which no power on earth can save
And many wasted, withering forms are tottering to the grave.

With wreck and change and winter's blight and time's remorseless doom,
Is hastening onward in its flight, these mortals to the tomb;
Let us now turn aside and bid these prison walls farewell
To breathe once more the air of freedom, which we all love so well.

We next retraced our steps to meet our waiting host and hostess,
And satisfy the innerman, to which we did ample justice;
Our next resort of pleasure was the famous Hoosier Slide
With sand upon its summit and sand upon its side.

The sand was clear as crystal, the sand was bright and yellow,
And each impression made by us we thought it very mellow;
At length we reached the summit and proudly did we stand
On the pinnacle of glory, on a pinnacle of sand.

We gazed long and pleasantly on the waters far and wide,
And longed to row a pleasure boat and o'er its surface glide;
Descending to the boat house our boat was quickly driven
Far out upon the waters, with Miss Squiers at the helm.

With the western sun descending, and like mariners of yore,
We thought it now most prudent to steer our craft for shore;
Having bid our kindly host adieu and receiving his good will
In the growing shades of evening we returned to College Hill.

And now, dear Normal Classmates, when we leave old College Hill,
Bring to our several distant homes sweet memories and good will;
And when o'er Freedom's broad domain we are scattered far and wide
Just cast one longing, lingering glance 'way back at Hoosier Slide.

Defoe says that there were a hundred thousand stout country-fellows in his time ready to fight to the death against popery, without knowing whether popery was a man or a horse.

WILLIAM HAZLITT

"Purged As by Fire"—The Evangelical Church in Germany

By Dr. Paul M. Bretscher
Concordia Theological Seminary
St. Louis, Missouri

In that wild, unpredictable Europe the Gospel of Jesus Christ is still being proclaimed and the sacraments are still being administered. This means that the Church is still alive in Europe. Neither Nazism nor Communism, neither the ravages of war nor the rosy illusions of peace, neither late-Kantian idealism nor modern Feuerbachian materialism, neither scientism nor statism have destroyed it. Many of those who in the course of the war suffered the loss of "goods, fame, child, and wife" are living on with a song on their lips and with the sign on their soul "the Kingdom ours remaineth." They feel themselves one with those saints of whom the sacred writer says, "These are they which came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb" (Rev. 7:14). Yes, there still are millions of Christians in all parts of Europe; in the southern countries which are predominantly Roman Catholic, in the eastern and southeastern countries which are predominantly Greek Orthodox, and in the northern countries which are predominantly Evangelical. "That is why," as Visser 't Hooft puts it, "the judgment that Europe is finished does not depress us and the statement that out of suffering and chaos a new Europe is arising does not impress us."

In this brief overview, I shall consider only the Church in Germany. Yet even so limited a topic imposes restraints. Though I was privileged to spend eight weeks in Germany in the summer of 1948 and to be in close contact with scores of religious leaders, I find it difficult adequately to appraise church conditions there. There are in Germany, as in every

large area of culture, those deep and hidden forces which though they do not come to the surface, nevertheless help mold the form of the existing civilization. There are such realities as historic origins, historic developments, traditions and folkways which contribute to the enigma of a foreign people, but which are at best only dimly discernible. On the other hand, the American spectator standing afar off is perhaps in a position to be less biased in his account of the Church in Germany than the average German who notes every throbbing heartbeat of his people but whose diagnosis is wholly determined by his own heart-beat.

The Church Under Hitler

To begin with, let us turn back the pages of history and see how the German Church responded to the rise of Hitler. It is now becoming increasingly evident that it was the Church, both Evangelical and Catholic, which was most outspoken against Hitler's new paganism. The story of those fearless church leaders who, mindful of the divine imperative, "We must obey God rather than men," dared to oppose the encroachments of the Nazi state, is only now being fully investigated and recorded. Again, it was the Evangelical Church which only eight weeks after the collapse of Germany in May, 1945, rallied its forces and began to plan the reconstruction of the German Church. At that time, transportation facilities were completely wrecked. Communication by telephone or radio hardly existed. There was no gas for the few cars which could still be run. The postal system could not function. The debris of bombed buildings cluttered the streets in the larger cities and made traffic practically impossible. And yet, these German leaders of the Evangelical Church found ways and means to communicate with one another, to project meetings, and to gather for conferences. Three years after the war, the territorial churches organized the Evangelical Church of Germany, adopted a constitution, and, at the first regular meeting of this new organization this past January, elected as president the Lutheran bishop of Berlin, thereby declaring to the world that, though Germany as a nation was divided into four parts, the Evangelical Church of Germany was united and embraced in its orbit regional churches from all parts of Germany including the Eastern Zone. One may disagree with many developments in the organization of this new church body. One may find fault with the wording of some articles in its constitution. One may seriously question whether a federation

made up of many shades of Lutheran and Reformed elements can long endure. Yet all this will not alter the fact that no representative group in Germany embracing many millions of Germans so speedily after the war reorganized its program of activities as did the Evangelical Church of Germany.

It is impossible to trace with any degree of adequacy and finality the causes that issued in the remarkable dynamic operating in the Evangelical Church of Germany. Yet a number of factors stand out prominently. Contrary to the mistaken belief of many Americans that, as a result of 19th and early 20th century religious liberalism, German evangelical Christianity had died of spiritual leukemia, the twenties and thirties rather witnessed a resurgence of the Gospel in Germany the like of which has perhaps not occurred since the days of the Reformation in the sixteenth century.

Gain Through Loss

Germans are almost united in the belief that it was the celebrated Swiss theologian Karl Barth who through his profound theological studies in the early twenties aroused them to a new appreciation of their glorious Christian and evangelical heritage. Furthermore, the horrors of the first world war, the complete economic collapse in the early twenties, the internal political dissensions after the adoption of the Weimar constitution, the unbelievable terrors and the indescribable destruction of the second world war were, without a doubt, other means which God employed to prick the bubble of German pride and arrogance, to call the German people to repentance, and once more to remind them of their stern duty "to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with their God." All this, again, does not mean that all Germans have taken to heart this lesson. On the contrary, as many pastors assured me last summer and are still telling me in their letters, there is rampant in Germany today a type of materialism which makes Germans wholly deaf to the voice of the Law and the Gospel. But it does mean that many, many thousands of those who had only precarious connections with the Church have sincerely bethought themselves, are regularly attending church services and presenting themselves at the Lord's altar, and are evidencing an interest in the work of their parish and in the Church at large which was unknown before the outbreak of the first world war.

Another phenomenon which characterizes the Evangelical Church of Germany is its acute awareness of the oneness of the

Church in spite of its division into territorial churches representing differing confessions. Of this oneness, Christians in Germany became particularly conscious in the early days of Hitler's rule. It was then that evangelical leaders of different confessional backgrounds stood together and jointly confessed in the *Barmen* theses the truth of Scripture. Of this oneness they also became aware on the battlefields, in concentration camps, and in joint community enterprises.

This awareness of their oneness in the body of Christ does not, however, blind Germans to significant differences in their confessions. In fact, the confessional agreement reached at Barmen contributed to make Lutherans and Reformed supremely conscious of their confessions and at least indirectly promoted a reinvestigation and restudy of these confessions. That agreement stimulated also a study of the confessional principle as such and the question of the relevance to modern life of confessional statements arrived at centuries ago. But there exists in the mind of German church leaders the firm belief that it is possible for churches, even though they are not agreed confessionally, to be federated in a larger church body without jeopardizing their common faith in the one Lord Jesus Christ and without denying points of difference in their confessions. This firm belief in the possibility of a God-pleasing ecumenicity enabled evangelical leaders to organize the Evangelical Church of Germany, to participate in the meeting of the Lutheran World Federation in Lund in 1947, and to be represented at the first assembly of the World Council of Churches in Amsterdam in 1948.

The Church in German Life

Another striking feature of the Evangelical Church of Germany is the interest of its church leaders in important phases of German life. It is they who, after the war, directed and administered a huge relief program with marvelous efficiency. It is they who are at present displaying the liveliest interest in the future of German education. It is they who appear to be most genuinely concerned about the future political status of Germany. For them, the "Church between East and West" is the most significant factor in German civilization. Their eyes are focused on the United States. They are supremely aware of the implications of the Berlin air-lift. And there is hardly any doubt that they are truly welcoming the coming into being of the North Atlantic Treaty. In all this, one senses however no censurable ambitions on their part, no effort to convert the

Evangelical Church into a political institution, but rather a deep-seated conviction that the Church must act as the monitor of the State in things religious and ethical.

A final observation which I here record is that German theological scholarship is blossoming forth with fresh vigor. Manuscripts hidden away in desks during the war are now being brought up-to-date and referred to printers. Though until now, because of paper shortage and the destruction of publication houses, not many books have been printed, also this situation will improve as economic conditions in general show an upward trend. Though many promising young authors lost their lives in the war, German theological scholarship will, this appears absolutely certain, soon compel once more the attention of the world. As one looks forward to this development, one prays that it will be a scholarship which will avoid the fallacies of an outworn liberalism and which, in plumbing new depths and in widening the theological horizon, will never fail to stress the majesty of God, the corruption of man, the authority of divine revelation, and, above all, the sacrificial love of Jesus Christ —man's only hope in this age.

When the Almighty himself condescends to address mankind in their own language, his meaning, luminous as it must be, is rendered dim and doubtful by the cloudy medium through which it is communicated.

—*The Federalist*

Christianity and Capitalism—I

By the Rev. Paul H. Krauss, d.d.
Pastor of Trinity English
Evangelical Lutheran Church
Ft. Wayne, Indiana

What are the teachings of the Christian religion concerning economic relationships? Does Christianity condemn Capitalism? Are private enterprise and the profit motive incompatible with the teachings of Jesus? These questions have always been interesting and important. Interest in them has risen as all churches recently have made pronouncements concerning Capitalism, Communism, and economics.

One of the most discussed was a statement of a commission of the World Council of Churches at Amsterdam this last August as follows: "The Christian Church rejects the ideologies of both Communism and laissez faire Capitalism and should seek to draw men away from the false assumption that these are the only alternatives."

The question was asked whether this was equating of Communism and Capitalism. The answer was that there was no thought of equating the terms or systems, simply a facing of the two most discussed economic and political influences before the world today. But the churchmen at Amsterdam had no solution, except to suggest that it was somewhere in "the middle-of-the-road." It seems to me that Christian ethics should have a better answer than that. I think there is an answer. I think it is to be found in a certain kind of Capitalism.

Certainly the Capitalism which operates on the principle of cut-throat competition, the unrestrained, laissez faire Capitalism which reduce human striving to a dog-fight around a platter is an evil thing, a denial of God's will for men and the degradation of human personality. My solution is Christian Capitalism, which is the voluntary, free-enterprise organization of economic activity on the basis of the ideals of Christ—the ideals of justice, cooperation, and good will.

Christianity Not Mere Ethics

First of all, let us understand that the Christian religion is not primarily a system of ethics. It is an interpretation of life in terms of the life of Jesus Christ, in Whom the Christian sees not only all Truth, but the one and only atonement for sin, through Whom and through Whom alone the Christian, by the power of faith, conquers sin and death, and lays hold on life eternal. The Christian beholds in Christ that God and Savior "Who was wounded for our transgressions, Who was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of Whose peace was upon us, by Whose stripes we are healed."

Christianity is not, essentially, a system of ethics, a code of morals, a theory of surplus values or a philosophy of economics or politics. One can be a Democrat, and a Christian, one can even be a Republican, and, I hope, still a Christian! One can be a capitalist and a Christian, or a socialist and a Christian.

But that does not mean that the Christian religion has no final word to speak with respect to moral or economic theories. Christianity has a judgment to make on *all* human institutions and actions, and a solution to offer for every problem that burdens humanity. There are two schools in theology with which I have little patience—that school, popular in some parts today, led by Karl Barth, which urges that man can do nothing and God must do everything—the implication being "let's sit back, and let come what may"—and that other school, usually very vocal among economic royalists and "malefactors of great wealth" who protest that religion must entirely keep out of politics and business. They have the absurd but, in the light of their rebuked iniquities, an understandable prejudice, that the Church should not trouble their consciences but should exist in a kind of vacuum far above the conflicts of men.

If religion doesn't get into political and social and economic relationships, what good is it? We shall not have a better world until we bring our religion into the market place and the factory and the legislative assembly. That is false theology which holds that organized religion should play no part in the practical affairs of men. We need more than ever to have church-men and women actively cooperating as Christians in the life of our times, in its economic life, in its political life, in its social life, in all its relationships. For only the spirit of God as we see it in Jesus has the final answers.

The Christian Answer

What, then, is the answer of Christianity to the problems of Capitalism? What is Capitalism? It is that ordering of human affairs in which the individual has the free opportunity and responsibility to work, labor, produce, accumulate and possess as much of the goods of life as he honestly, fairly, and justly can. Those last three adverbs—"honestly," "fairly," and "justly" are to my mind the important part of that definition.

Is Christianity opposed to a free-enterprise system and the institute of private property? I think the answer is "no," and I think so for two reasons:

First, because the Creator has made us all capitalists. Capital is value, inherited, or acquired by work or gift. We are born capitalists, endowed with the values of life, mind, energy, and talent. And we differ in our natural endowments from the very beginning. Inequality in endowment and circumstance is at once the despair and the incentive of the human family.

Some are born with the handicap of poor health, other men are born with physical vigor that makes them driving forces in the work of life. Of two children in school, one possesses a native brightness that places him directly at the head of his class, while another lags far behind. One man may listen to an address or a lecture and remember every thought, repeat the outline, and summarize the whole. Another may have only the vaguest notions of what was said. Men differ from one another in gifts, and by superior ability or fidelity acquire differing possessions.

Second, Jesus did not condemn the ownership or accumulation of property. Jesus sympathized with the poor. He made that manifest. He warned the rich of the special temptations and sins that touched them more than others. He pointed out that the possession of wealth laid one open to temptations of an unusual power. But we have no right to conclude *that He taught that wealth in itself was an evil.* He did place *Dives,* the rich man, in hell, but *Abraham,* a richer man, in heaven. When He pictured a *fool* He described a *rich man* who had gathered into barns—and then received a summons from the angel of death. But He also told of the *poor fool* who built his little house upon the sands at the bottom of the ravine. He praised the *widow* casting in her coppers, but also *praised* Zacchaeus, dividing up half of his entire fortune. He did say it was as hard for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God as for a camel to go through the eye of a needle. But He quickly

added that with the help of the Spirit of God it was not at all impossible.

Jesus did not believe it was a disgrace to be rich. He had no friends more dearly loved than Mary, Martha, and Lazarus, and He did not object to having Mary spend the equivalent of five hundred dollars in an offering of ointment at a single dinner. When a rich young ruler came to Him He did command him, as a test of discipleship, to sell all that he had and give to the poor. But that was because that young man's property was his one great special handicap.

The Parable of the Talents

Jesus warned constantly that there is nothing more deceitful in this world than riches. When He said, "Ye cannot serve God and riches," He implied that money is always the power that will most successfully dispute the sovereignty of God. But His warning is to both rich and poor. Poverty and wealth alike have their perils. The Proverbs still have their perfect message:

> Remove me far from vanity and lies; give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me:
>
> Lest I be full, and deny thee and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor and steal, and take the name of my God in vain (Prov. 30:8, 9).

Jesus approved private enterprise and encouraged the increase and accumulation of capital. The parables of the Talents and the Pounds present this teaching (Luke 25:14-30).

1. All which the servants had was held in trust, for which one day they had to account. We own nothing absolutely. God is the final owner and we are stewards.

2. The money was *unequally* divided. Christ raises no objection to this fact. Men being what they are and human society what it is, there will always be disparities of possession, simply because there are disparities of ability. He utters no communistic theory about the equal division of property and encourages no bitter jealousy of the rich on the part of the poor. One man has more energy than another, more business sagacity, more shrewdness and farsightedness, a better endowment of brain and body; and so long as this is the case there will be disparities of wealth and differences of station. "Each according to his several ability" and as long as ability differs the results of ability differ.

3. The acid test was—How was the capital used? The one man who was condemned was guilty of incompetence and irresponsibility. He robs his Lord by not using his one talent, as truly as though he had gone into a far country and spent it on riotous

living. The other two servants reveal their high qualities of integrity and responsibility by using their talents for their Master's benefit. *The use of money thus becomes the acid test of character.* You can judge men more accurately by the use they make of money than by any other test.

Thus far I have tried to make clear that all men are capitalists, that men differ in abilities, that there are inherent inequalities in human nature, and that the secret of productive, profitable economic relationship is the Christian spirit of justice and service.

(To be concluded)

The democratic rule that all men are equal is sometimes confused with the quite opposite idea that all men are the same and that any man can be substituted for any other so that his differences make no difference. The two are not at all the same. The democratic rule that all men are equal means that men's being different cannot be made a basis for special privilege or for the invidious advantage of one man over another; equality, under the democratic rule, is the freedom and opportunity of each individual to be fully and completely his different self.

H. M. KALLEN

THE ASTROLABE

By
THEODORE GRAEBNER

THE STUFF IN SMALL TYPE

"I suppose we can call it a deal," said my friend as his pen was poised in mid-air, about to affix his signature, "there is a lot of stuff here in small type but no one reads that anyway. Takes a lawyer to figure it all out and, besides, you would have a fat chance trying to make them change it, if you found something wrong. All I have ever done with these contracts," he added with a bit of self-complacency, "is to see that the dates and terms are filled in right and forget about the small type."

"Whatever you may think of it," I felt constrained to reply, "some poeple have remained poor all their lives because they didn't read the small type. I also know that some of my friends have rented apartments and found that they have signed an agreement to take care of all the repairs, and there are about forty thousand such contracts in force right in my own town."

You may read these four-point paragraphs—four-point is just legible, you know—with some feeling of resentment as you wallow about in legalistic phrases, but a friend of mine is being paid ten thousand dollars a year just to read all the small type in the deeds, sales contracts, and loans handled by one of the big banks. Ever since I heard that a man was being paid that kind of salary for watching the pitfalls that are hidden in small type, I have been reading it myself and advise all others to do likewise. Remember that those who make up these forms all have their own interest at stake. They would put nothing into the specifications that would be of disadvantage to themselves. There is something in human nature that makes us hesitate about

taking risks which we can unload on the party of the second part. It is in the small type that this is being done, and you can bet your life it is.

THE PASSENGER TAKES THE RISK

Two of us were sitting on the promenade deck of an Atlantic liner last June and another member of our fraternity stepped up with a document we recognized as the ticket for our return trip, and he seemed to be excited.

"Listen, men, and hear what this ticket says in that fine type on the back side. Here is how it reads"—and he read a lengthy paragraph.

"Well, what of it?"

"What of it? Did you listen while I read? Did you notice that a man from the American government can step on board and take this ship to Rio de Janeiro?" The result was a close study of the contract under which we were headed for Cherbourg—but we stopped somewhere midway down the page since we were in mid-ocean anyway and there was nothing to be done about it.

As a matter of fact, no one came aboard to take charge of the vessel and we did not disembark at Rio, but it remains true that while we had taken passage for Cherbourg we were landed at Le Havre and that evening about midnight stood on the Place Vendome without hotel reservations. The liner was "not responsible"!

Here we are, 1949, ready to take passage again about the middle of May and again we are intrigued by the strange ability of a steamship company to accept passage money for a given trip over a certain route to a particular port of Europe and on the page of fine print headed "Conditions" divests itself of practically every responsibility called for in the front side of the ticket. Listen to this, for instance:

"The vessel or substitute vessel"—so we understand there may be a substitute vessel—

"shall have liberty to proceed with or without pilot, to tow or be towed and assist vessels in all situations, to put back to into any port"—which might be Montreal, our point of departure, or it may be New York or Baltimore—"and to deviate from the direct or customary course for any purpose whatsoever. If prevented by any cause whatsoever from sailing or proceeding in the ordinary course the Company reserves the right of transferring the passenger or passengers to any other vessel (whether belonging to the Company or not) bound for the port of destination or the nearest safe port thereto."

Isn't that pretty—"nearest safe port"—and we read through all the rest of the contract and find no indication that the company

regards itself as responsible for getting us *to Liverpool!*

Then there is the condition of the boat, which is presumed to be a seaworthy craft. We are assured in Section 7 of the "Conditions" that "the Company uses all reasonable means to ensure the vessel, her craft and tenders being seaworthy and well found" ("found" being sailor's language for "equipped")—but in the next phrase we are informed that neither the company nor the passage broker nor the agent "shall be liable for unseaworthiness." When one considers that an unseaworthy vessel is apt to go down into Davy Jones' Locker, this declaration of our contract means something. Then it goes on:

"The Company is not liable for loss of or injury or delay to the passenger or his property (whether such property be in the custody of the Company's servants or otherwise howsoever) whether arising from Act of God, King's Enemies, fire, robbery, theft, pilferage (whether by persons on board or on shore or in the employment of the Company), perils of the sea, rivers or navigation, collision, stranding, or other accidents in the navigation or management of the vessel, negligence of the Company"—

This is a good one—even negligence will give no cause for damage suits—

—"or its servants or other for whom the Company might be responsible (whether on board the vessel or not), or from circumstances arising out of or in connection with the employment of the Company's vessel or vessels in the service of His Majesty or the Government of any colony or any foreign power or from any other cause of whatsoever nature."

One is, of course, fully conscious of the risks of maritime travel, and when one discovers that insurance such as we carry in the United States when operating an automobile will not be written for travel in Europe by most companies—"due to uncertain conditions on the continent"—one can understand that a company of oceanic transportation cannot hold itself responsible for changes in orders or directions as to departure, arrival, routes, ports of call —which may, however, completely disarrange if not nullify the plans in pursuit of which we laid down our good American dollars.

TERROR AS A METHOD OF GOVERNMENT

As the prow of our vessel is following the grand circle from Montreal to Liverpool one is keenly aware of the approach to our eastern boundary, which is on the Elbe River. The Elbe, and an irregular line cutting across southern Germany and into Austria is today the eastern limits of the United States. Beyond that is the rule of terror.

I suppose the classical text on this subject will remain Eugene

Kogon's *Der S-S Staat,* published last year. It sets forth the system of the Police State, the Nazi system of rule by terror. In a contribution to the cultural magazine, *Frankfurter Hefte* (issue of November, 1948), Kogon philosophizes on the Terror as a System of Government.

First of all, Kogon points out that the age of the enlightenment, by which he means the optimistic belief in unlimited progress through human reason, has suffered complete shipwreck in Europe. Loaded down with science and technology, the European man has lapsed into a state almost identical with slavery. He is the desperate victim of "termite states managed by bureaucracies." Reason has built up a system of insanity; science has perfected inhumanity; and idealists who were striving for the improvement of human society through the using of the methods of terror have become demons.

How have these things come to pass? They have come to pass through the artificial development of a state of panic in which man uses his power of thought and of self-determination.

Terrorists—and it is evident that Kogon has in mind not only the Nazi type but also the Communistic terror—regard human rights as pure fiction to be used only as a means to hang a cloak of legality around the crimes of the masters of terrorism. Whether it is a gang of bandits in China, or a bunch of racketeers and kidnappers in the United States, they all place their entire hope of success upon the single card of paralyzing the opponents with fright. When an entire country is subject to this kind of rule it has these centers of force: the police, the army, transportation, communication, party offices, and depots of supply. Then follow: slaughter, the forcible entrance of homes, exile, declassifications, purges, special laws, and special courts.

The highly developed technique of terrorizing a people sometimes permits the trick to be done without much bloodshed. Kogon says: "The German dictator always pointed with pride to the 'unbloody' manner in which he achieved power. Aside from the fact that this is a lie—since from the very first day plenty of blood flowed, though few people then realized it—we are not to be led to underestimate the extent to which terror enters into such seizures of power. The official directives for the liquidation of thousands and ten thousands, as in the orders given by Heinrich Himmler, revealed little of the bloodshed that was inseparable from the working of the system. We have known what it is to live under the terror! Besides the iron

bars, the bloody welts, the threat of violent death, there are many special devices which the terror produced in order to secure its station of power. The seizure of hostages, usually relatives of men on whom pressure was to be brought—one of the most inhuman devices of all; the trial before courts which were bound by no law and from which there was no appeal; and the concentration camps in which violence was carried to its utmost extreme." As special techniques, Mr. Kogon instances the appeal to mass instincts through colossal conventions of the Nazi party, sometimes running to half a million delegates massed on the enormous esplanade at Nuernberg and in Berlin. In this way and through the building of great highways and gigantic government buildings, the terror impressed its victim with its control of unlimited resources.

When it is remembered that Eugene Kogon was himself a victim of the concentration camp and obtained first-hand reports from other survivors who had been in charge of official records in these camps, the closing words of his notable essay sound a solemn warning regarding the only means of checking the expansion of the terror into global proportions. He says that, first of all, there must be counteraction by non-military means, by demonstrating the effectiveness of a civilization built on freedom and on rights for all. "Against the expansions of irresponsible power there is no such bulwark as a social order which grants independence and human rights to the worthy. However," he says, "I am at a loss to say how in Europe we are going to escape these extraordinary dangers which threaten us from within and without, without incessant activity of the noblest humanism and the most genuine religious spirit, a spirit which recognizes in religion also obligations for this present world. It is not the institutions but the spirit with which they are embued that will have the decisive issue in meeting these dangers. Let the terror then overcome a free people, and this spirit of freedom will finally call up the furies of vengeance, be it through the rising of courageous individuals, be it through collision with that block of humanity which has retained freedom as an active principle."

UNDER THE HAMMER AND SICKLE

There is no reason to construe Mr. Kogon's warnings otherwise than as directed against the Soviet Communistic system. While not mentioning the Rus-

sian neighbor once, every detail of his article applies as much to Stalin's Police State as to the defunct Hitler regime.

The slave labor system is the very backbone of Russia's effort to meet the technological challenge of the West. Today more than 100,000 men and women are rotting in the Soviet's revived Nazi concentration camps, while millions are slaving under inhuman working conditions. Citizens of the Russian Zone who show any dislike for Communism are kidnapped on the slightest pretext and disappear in one of the camps or are shipped into the interior of Russia. Only a small minority of those sent to the camps are ever formally charged with any offense. When they are, their cases generally turn out like the following specimens collected by Guenther Reinhardt and reported by him to *Plain Talk* for April:

"Barge captain Paul Donath's river vessel burned because a careless visitor dropped a lighted cigarette. Result: ten years in a camp for 'sabotaging the Soviet administration.' Fourteen-year-old Bruno Gleitze had found a rusty pistol in his garden and tried to barter it. Bruno received ten years in a concentration camp for 'endangering the security of the Soviet occupation.' Taxi chauffeur Hans Hammertuerk, from Nauen, had a traffic accident while driving a Russian officer who was injured. He was sent to a concentration camp for an indefinite period."

Mr. Reinhardt submits a tabulation of ten re-established camps which as of January 1 had a population of 41,500. Besides, there are 40,000 in the prisons, jails, workhouses and penitentiaries of the Russian Zone. As early as 1945 the Russians began to enlarge the Nazi camps. At Sachsenhausen, to give it a capacity of 94,000, fifty barracks, each designed for 300 prisoners, were constructed. Hellmuth Wagner, a Berlin school teacher sent to Sachsenhausen because a Communist colleague wanted his apartment, became a clerk in the camp office and when he fled in 1948 succeeded in taking along some of the official Russian statistical documents. They show that between August, 1945, and October, 1948, 25,000 persons passed through Zone One of the camp.

What happens at these camps? Heinz Rusalle testified that at Buchenwald, 150 men vegetate in barracks built for 50. They sleep alternately on the cement floor. Inmates receive one blanket after five weeks. Anyone found in possession of a scrap of paper or a pencil stump is sent to the "Bunker" for ten days. The bunker is a Nazi invention revived by the Russians. It consists of a hole about five feet wide and high and fifteen feet deep. Three people are required to stand. Only one out of every five sent to the bunker ever manages to leave it

alive. Mr. Reinhardt declares that the Russians also copied an old Nazi concentration camp custom —the "water punishment" for inmates. In the middle of winter, prisoners were forced to take ice-cold showers, which lasted usually for ten minutes, and then were chased back to their unheated cells.

Concentration camps and "political" jails in the Soviet Zone are not the only places in Germany where the Russians imprison their victims. About 25,000 to 30,000 Germans have been forced to work as virtual slave laborers in the uranium mines near the Czech border. These mines are operated at Aue, Annaberg, Wiesenfeld, and Kunnersdorf in the Erzgebirge area. Workers live in filthy wooden barracks. They sleep with two blankets in wooden bunks on paper bags filled with straw.

These are the facts. Incredible as they may seem, their documentation is incontrovertible. Their disclosure is the result of assiduous and undeterred compilation by official British and American agencies in Germany.

MADE IN RUSSIA

The point of Mr. Kogon's and Mr. Reinhardt's articles is not difficult to grasp. We have in the Terror a system which was full blown in the Nazi regime of the late thirties and which is repeated with monotonous lack of originality by the Russians. There is, however, one factor which is peculiar to the Soviet system of demonism—*the confessional of the court room.* We heard of it first during the terrific purge by which Stalin got rid of his foes in the Communist party. The court sat spellbound as it heard the defendants, in open court, to which the diplomatic representatives of other nations had been invited, not only confess their "crimes" but denounce themselves as unworthy of any judicial mercy. By what technique were these men led to commit these ghastly and disgraceful acts of self-destruction? What was it that recently caused Cardinal Mindszenty to act in such strange contradiction to the declarations made by him before the trial commenced? What are the psychological devices by which human will and purpose are frustrated and turned into engines of self-destruction? What is this rumor of drugs having been discovered that will cause men not to tell the truth but to tell falsehoods in an act of insane self-immolation?

We shall not cross our eastern boundary at the Elbe and our passport would not be valid in Budapest, but there are still persons coming through "black"

(crossing the boundary by night between patrols on the Russian and American boundaries). Possibly we shall meet one or the other who is able to suggest a key to the mystery.

I have often been tempted to put forth the paradox that any place is good enough to live a life in, while it is only in a few, and those highly favored, that we can pass a few hours agreeably. For, if we only stay long enough, we become at home in the neighborhood. Reminiscences spring up, like flowers, about uninteresting corners. We forget to some degree the superior loveliness of other places, and fall into a tolerant and sympathetic spirit which is its own reward and justification. Looking back the other day on some recollections of my own, I was astonished to find how much I owed to such a residence; six weeks in one unpleasant countryside had done more, it seemed, to quicken and educate my sensibilities than many years in places that jumped more nearly with my inclination.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Music AND MUSIC MAKERS

What Makes Music Great?

[CONTINUED]

By WALTER A. HANSEN

Yes, I know that fire and brimstone will descend upon me from some sources because I have mentioned Bach's *The Art of Fugue* and Ravel's *Mother Goose Suite* in the same breath. Many will call me rash and utterly lacking in discernment for speaking of Ravel's suite as a great work. "It is your bounden duty," they will say, "to call *The Art of Fugue* a great masterpiece; but would it not be wise for you to count at least to a million before making the same statement about any work from the pen of Ravel? The composer of the *Mother Goose Suite* died less than twelve years ago. How, then, can you call any of his music great?"

Such attacks give me pause, but they do not necessarily deter me. I am convinced that Bach's *The Art of Fugue* is great in its field and that Ravel's *Mother Goose Suite* is great in its field. Most scholars will tell you, I know, that Bach's composition is infinitely greater than Ravel's, and I am willing to concede that they are right. But must this in itself prevent anyone from believing and asserting that Ravel's work is a great masterpiece? The answer is no.

There are, as you see, degrees and kinds of greatness. You cannot measure greatness with a yardstick, but you can recognize it.

"Hold on!" you exclaim with blood in your eyes. "I can't recognize any greatness at all in Ravel's *Mother Goose Suite!*"

"Even if *you* don't," I declare, "*I* do. The recognition of greatness, you see, can be a highly subjective matter. Frequently it comes about as a direct result of a long-established, widespread, and deeply respected consensus among scholars.

"Here, for example, are several hundred books written by several

hundred savants. You read those books, and you discover that every author is convinced that a composer—Bach, let us say—is great. In consequence, you yourself accept and venerate that composer as great. You formulate your own verdict largely on the basis of judgments handed down by men and women of unquestioned and unquestionable learning.

"Have you no right whatever to disagree? I contend that you have every right to hold to an opinion diametrically different if your own studies—pursued in all honesty, in all sincerity, and in all humility—have led you to such a view. That is why I maintain that the recognition of greatness can be a highly subjective matter. Don't worry too much about prospective opponents. Try in the sweat of your brow to strengthen your own armor. If you discover that it is weak and worthless, cast it aside as junk.

"If you yourself are utterly unable to recognize *The Art of Fugue* as a great work but speak of it as such merely because eminent scholars have pronounced it great, what, in the final analysis, does it mean to you that others have called it a great composition? I believe that in that case it means nothing at all to you.

"It happens that I myself—in my own mind and in my own heart—recognize Ravel's *Mother Goose Suite* as a great work in its particular field. Consequently, I express and defend my conviction as ably and as valiantly as I can. Fire and brimstone from the opposite camp can, and should, cause me to re-examine that conviction; but what if patient and painstaking re-examination leads me back to my original conclusion? Then I stick to my guns."

A Work by Honegger

Before I tell you in detail why I consider Ravel's *Mother Goose Suite* a great work, let me speak about another composition. I desire to do so because what I have to say has, I believe, much to do with our discussion of greatness in music.

Recently I heard and reviewed the American *première* of a work which, to my thinking, contains the elements of greatness. I am referring to *La Danse des Morts (The Dance of the Dead),* Arthur Honegger's setting for orchestra, mixed chorus, baritone, soprano, alto, and a narrator of a poem by the eminent French poet, Paul Claudel.

In 1920 a group of young French musicians—Honegger, Darius Milhaud, Francis Poulenc, Georges Auric, Louis Durey, and Germaine Tailleferre—paid enthusiastic homage to Erik Satie and, as followers of that outstand-

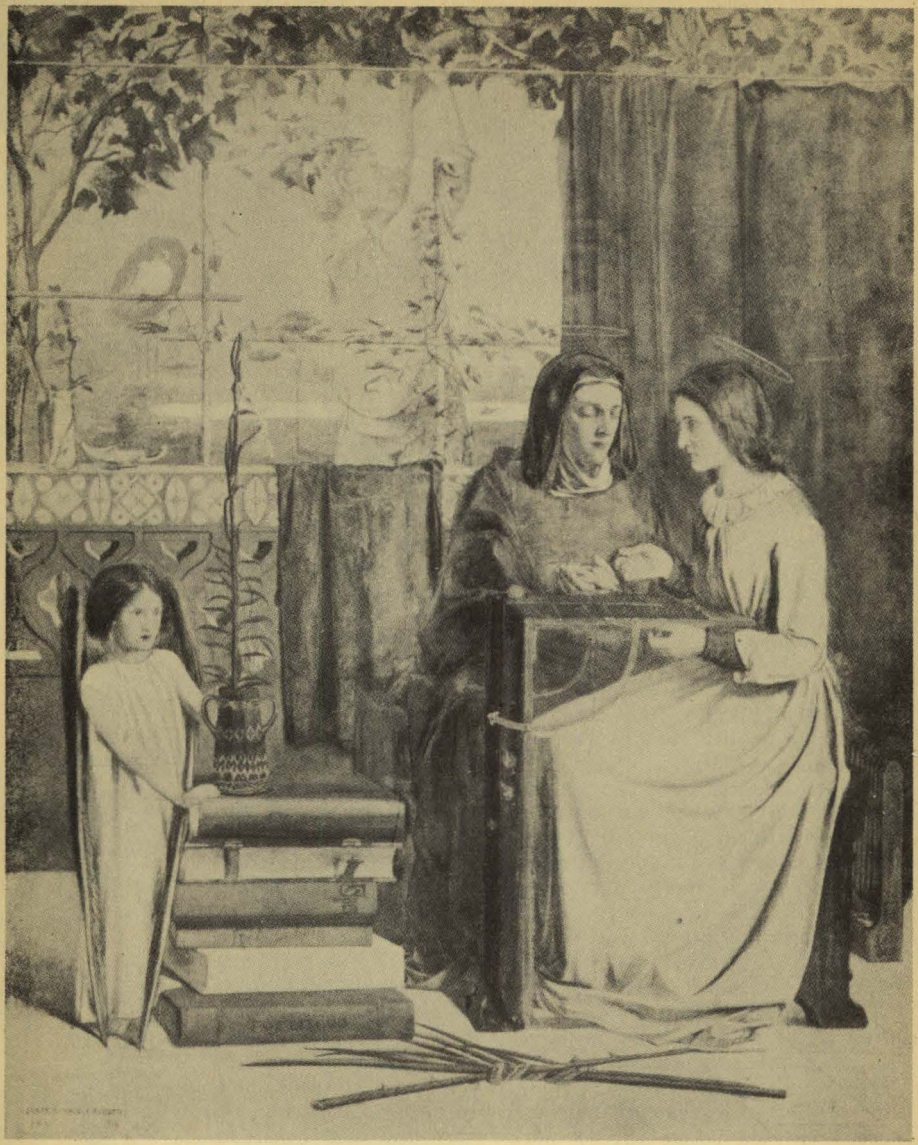
Dante Gabriel Rossetti

"The poet could not sleep aright,
For his soul kept up too much light
Under his eyelids for the night."

THE LINES are by Mrs. Browning and it seems as if they had been written to meet the case of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. More was written about him than about any painter of his time and it would be easy to fill page after page with interesting notes about this great man. His brother wrote of him, "He would be wrongly described as a sentimentalist, a dreamer, an aesthete and the like without making allowance on the other side for attributes of a very opposite character, for the fact is that he was full of buoyancy, vigour, elan; well alive to the main chance, capable of enjoying the queer as well as the graver aspects of life; and whatever else he may have been, a quick-blooded, a straight-speaking man who hated nothing so much as humbug, and was extraordinarily quick to detect it." These desirable traits are not very commonly found with the emotional and intellectual characteristics of poets, but Rossetti was started in life with them all: as prone at the age of eighteen to make the most impious jokes, as to paint or compose a poem.

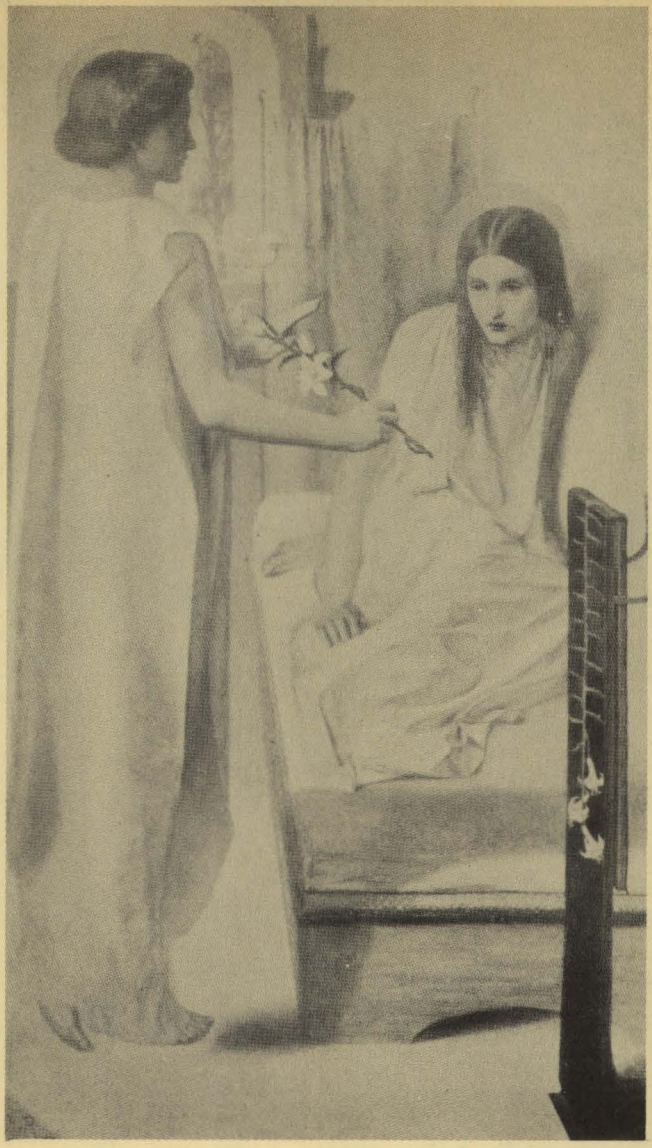
A sister wrote of him, "It is interesting to note that, whereas so many artists and writers have started life heavily handicapped by their families and domestic relations, the early surroundings of Dante were in every way calculated to encourage and foster the development of his intellectual powers." His father was Professor of Italian in Kings College and the home of the Rossettis in London has been described as "a little Italian colony where the native tongue was spoken." He had a remarkable and astonishing command of language, and together with that, he had a noteworthy taste for drawing, and it was always understood that he would be an artist when he grew up. He studied with Maddox Brown and then began to share a studio with Holman Hunt. Most of his later pictures were planned during the early, strenuous years of his life. Sir Edward Burne-Jones has recorded his amazement at the number of unused studio drawings which covered the entire studio floor and every available corner right down to the end of his days.

ADALBERT R. KRETZMANN



Girlhood of Mary Virgin

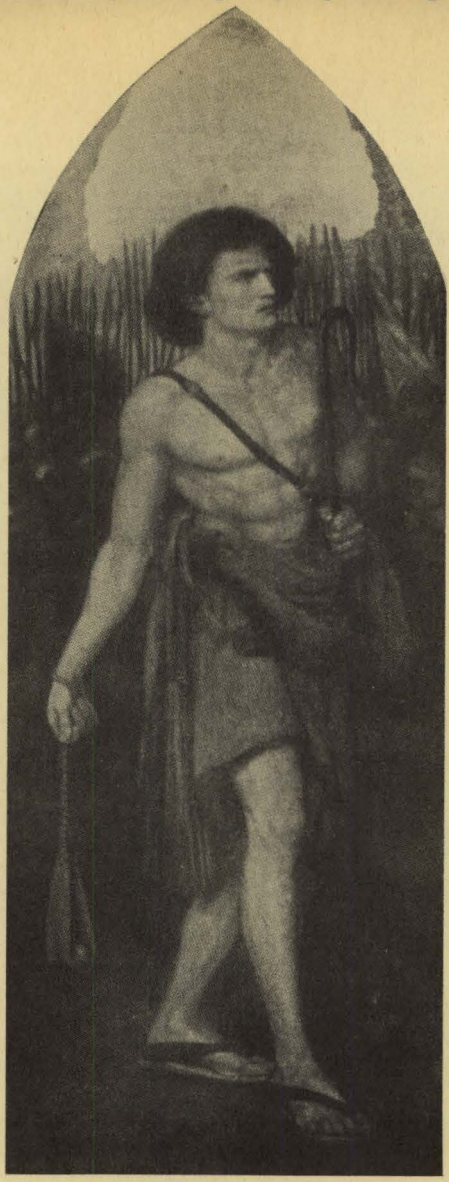
Photo, Hollyer



Ecce Ancilla Domini
Photo, Hollyer

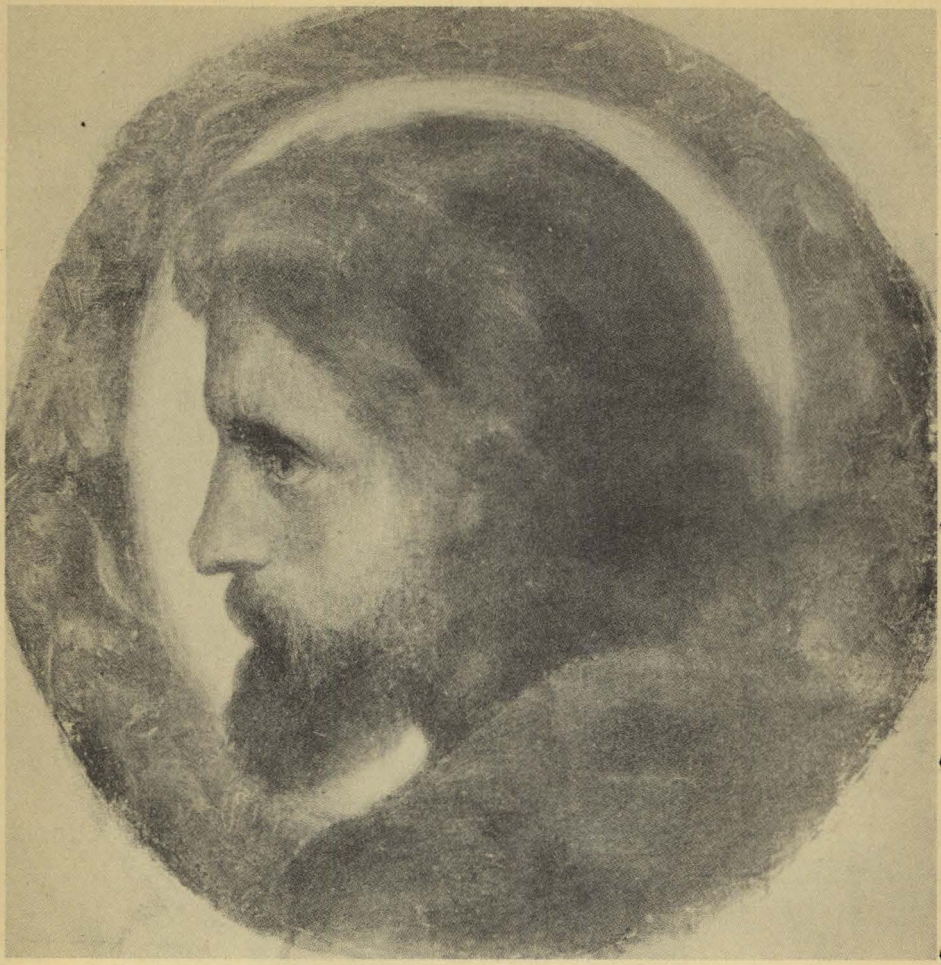
Dante Drawing the Angel
Photo, Mansell

The Writing on the Sand
Photo, Mansell



David, the Shepherd
Triptych, Llandaff Cathedral
Photo, Hollyer

David the King
Triptych, Llandaff Cathedral
Photo, Hollyer



Head of Christ
Photo, Hollyer

ing individualist among the composers of his day, banded together as *Les Six (The Six)*. In the course of time, however, Honegger's unmistakable independence of spirit asserted itself with special vigor, and it was soon apparent that this man could not be properly identified with any group.

Honegger was born in Le Havre, France, March 10, 1892. He is of Swiss parentage. Twenty-five years ago his *Pacific 231,* in which he gave pointed expression to his "passionate love for locomotives," attracted world-wide attention. In a work called *Rugby* he dealt with the excitement of athletics. His oratorio, or "dramatic psalm," titled *Le Roi David* is widely known and admired, and recently his *Symphony No. 3, for Large Orchestra ("Liturgique")* and his incidental music for Claudel's mystery play *Jeanne d'Arc au Bûcher (Joan of Arc at the Stake)* have added much to his renown as a composer.

In 1938 Claudel was spending some time in Basel, Switzerland, in connection with the production of *Jeanne d'Arc au Bûcher.* He was deeply impressed by the numerous pictorial representations of dances of death in churches and cloisters throughout the city.

It was in Basel that Hans Holbein the Younger (1497?-1543) had drawn his famous woodcuts called *The Dance of Death*—woodcuts in which death is pictured as dancing at the heels of the rich and the poor, the mighty and the lowly, the old and the young, the honored and the despised. The theme of all these drawings was "In the midst of life we are in death." Holbein's woodcuts were sermons in pictures. In accordance with the spirit of the times, a note of sardonic humor was injected into the drawings.

At the suggestion of Paul Sacher, under whose direction *Jeanne d'Arc au Bûcher* was being produced, Claudel decided to write a poem dealing with a dance of death. Honegger agreed to compose music for the work.

Claudel's poem is far from sardonic. The eminent French man of letters told Honegger in detail what kind of music he considered appropriate for the poem, and the composer followed the directions of the poet.

Honegger's score is full of elemental power. It is graphic and gripping. It is bold and picturesque in its harmonic texture. The composer suits his writing with telling effectiveness to the character of Claudel's poem. He does not permit time-honored traditions and conventions to hamstring him. He is a man with the courage of his convictions.

The world-*première* of *La*

Danse des Morts took place in Basel on March 3, 1940, under the direction of M. Sacher, to whom the work is dedicated. Charles Munch conducted the first Paris performance on January 20, 1941. Igor Buketoff, conductor of the Fort Wayne Philharmonic Orchestra, presented the composition for the first time in America on April 5 and 6 of this year. I have heard that M. Munch, who will succeed Serge Koussevitzky as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will include *La Danse des Morts* in some of his programs next season.

An Important Composer

Before the American *première* of *La Danse des Morts* I devoted long and intensive study to the score, and I have good reason to believe that I was the first to write extensively about the composition in English. All my sources were in French.

Years ago, when Honegger's *Pacific 231* was brought to the attention of the American public, I thought and said that the music of this forward-looking Frenchman was a force to be reckoned with. In those days many told me that *Pacific 231* was nothing more and nothing less than a hodgepodge of sound effects. When I retorted, "Stuff and nonsense!" and ventured to say that *Pacific 231* contained much that went far beyond mere sound effects, it was dinned into my ears that one day I would be compelled to eat the words of praise I had used.

To this moment I have not devoured those words of mine—even though in recent years *Pacific 231* has all but disappeared from the standard concert repertory. I still maintain that *Pacific 231* is a fine work. It is not dead. It is merely sleeping. One of these days Honegger's locomotive will emerge from the roundhouse. Maybe the American *première* of *La Danse des Morts* will help bring it out.

I like *La Danse des Morts,* and I am convinced that it contains the elements that make for genuine greatness. In my opinion, it is a better work than the *Symphonie Liturgique* and the music for *Jeanne d'Arc au Bûcher.*

I know, of course, that my conclusion concerning *La Danse des Morts* is bound to provoke some disagreement, but when I write I must obey the dictates of my own convictions. It has been said that much of the music of *La Danse des Morts* is cacophonous, that parts of it are meaningless and downright ugly. But I have read in more than one history book that those same statements were made long ago about music composed by a man named Mozart. I do not contend, mind you, that Honegger is another Mozart; but

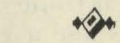
I do believe that music like that contained in *La Danse des Morts* cannot be brushed aside with a disdainful shrugging of the shoulders. One does not do away with greatness by sneering at it.

The adjective "great" should be used sparingly; but why should one hesitate to employ it when, after long and painstaking study, reflection, and even resistance, it persists in coming to the mind, to the lips, and to the pen? I find myself continually struggling against the overworked word "great," but I believe with all my heart that such struggling is profitable. It helps to put the strength of solid granite into one's convictions when much study, coupled with careful weighing and winnowing, have forced those convictions into one's thinking.

What about Ravel's *Mother Goose Suite?* Have I forgotten it? By no means. How could one ever forget a work that is great? But before I say more about it I must discuss in brief another great composer. His name is Béla Bartók.

Are you shocked again? Music thrives on shocks

[TO BE CONTINUED]



RECENT RECORDINGS

CHARLES GOUNOD. *Faust.* Sir Thomas Beecham, Bart., conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and Chorus, with Georges Noré, tenor, as Faust; Roger Rico, bass, as Mephistopheles; Roger Bourdon, baritone, as Valentine; Ernest Frank, bass, as Wagner; Huguette Saint-Arnaud, mezzo-soprano, as Siebel; Geori-Boué, soprano, as Marguerite; and Betty Bannerman, mezzo-soprano, as Martha.—A superb presentation of one of the most popular of all operas. Sir Thomas' direction is excellent, and the recording is particularly clear and sharp. The opera is sung in French. RCA Victor Albums 1301 and 1302.

ALEXANDER SCRIABIN. *Poème d'Extase (Poem of Ecstasy), Op. 54.* The San Francisco Symphony Orchestra under Pierre Monteux.—Some like this brilliantly scored composition because Scriabin strove to put into it some of the spiritual ecstasy he found in theosophy. I like it wholly and solely because of the brilliant scoring. Scriabin's music is rapidly going the way of all flesh. RCA Victor Envelope Set 1270.

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART. *Sonata No. 8, in C, for Violin and Piano (K. 296).* Jascha Heifetz, violinist, with Emanuel Bay at the piano.—A masterful reading. As an encore Heifetz plays his own transcription

of the *Minuet* from Mozart's *Divertimento No. 17, in D (K. 334).* RCA Victor Envelope Set 1290.

MAURICE RAVEL. *Jeux d'Eau.* GABRIEL FAURÉ. *Impromptu No. 2, in F Minor, Op. 31.* Alexander Brailowsky, pianist.—Exemplary performances of two beautiful works. RCA Victor disc 12-0794.

FRANCESCO CILEA. *I Am the Humble Servant,* from the first act of *Adriana Lecouvreur.* WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART. *Scold Me, O Dear Masetto,* from the first act of *Don Giovanni.* Licia Albanese, soprano, with the RCA Victor Orchestra under D. Marzollo.—Here again it is clear that Miss Albanese is a great artist. RCA Victor disc 12-0658.

RICHARD HAGEMAN. *At the Well.* Words by Rabindranath Tagore. SAMUEL BARBER. *Sleep Now.* Words by James Joyce. Marilyn Cotlow, Soprano, with Claire Stafford at the piano.—Two fine songs ably sung and well recorded. RCA Victor disc 10-1467.

The Puritans hated bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators.

THOMAS B. MACAULAY

The Literary Scene

READ NOT TO CONTRADICT AND CONFUTE—NOR TO BELIEVE AND TAKE FOR GRANTED—BUT TO WEIGH AND CONSIDER

All unsigned reviews are by members of the Staff

Existential Philosophy

A SHORT HISTORY OF EXISTENTIALISM. By Jean Wahl. Philosophical Library, New York. 1949. 58 pages. $2.75.

THE ETHICS OF AMBIGUITY. By Simone de Beauvoir. Ibid. 1949. 163 pages. $3.00.

BOTH of these volumes, translated from the French, are additions to the literature on existentialism, that relatively new type of philosophy which is mystifying an increasing number of people in our country.

There is comfort for those who have not been able to make out just what existentialism is in the fact that Jean Wahl, professor of philosophy at the Sorbonne, admits that it is "a problem to define this philosophy satisfactorily." His *Short History of Existentialism,* however, does not solve the problem for the general reader, for, interesting and informative as it is, it presupposes some acquaintance with the subject. It is written, as the blurb truthfully states, "from a philosophic milieu," and is followed by a discussion of the topic by six other philosophers. Wahl deals technically with the positions of Kierkegaard, Jaspers, Heidegger, and Sartre, chiefly as regards the interrelations of their philosophies with one another.

In *The Ethics of Ambiguity* we have an effort by a co-worker of Sartre's to develop a system of ethics for an atheistic existentialism. The ambiguous being man has for the author, as for Sartre, basically only his own existence as he is subjectively aware of it ("he is abandoned on the earth"); there are no values and no objective being except as he creates them for himself. He is, however, perfectly free to create values and thereby to disclose being. This freedom is limited by no external authority, but it somehow contains an authoritative principle in itself, thereby establishing an ethics. Here matters become decidedly hazy. Man now "bears the responsibility" for the world he creates; his "faults are inexpiable"; his ethics must consist in willing freedom, not only for himself but for all men. How a freedom which must do things a certain way

can still be a freedom remains a mystery to us, even though we are warned that that "is playing upon the notion of freedom in a dishonest way" (where the dishonesty comes in is not indicated, but the author seems to find considerable dishonesty among those who do not agree with her). If one permits this piece of sleight-of-hand to pass, there is clear sailing and it becomes possible to justify, with some provisos and caveats, communistic terrorism and dishonesty in the name of freedom.

Mlle. de Beauvoir, in trying to formulate an ethics of atheism is engaged in the thankless task of making ropes out of sea sand. Dostoievsky rightly said, "If God does not exist, everything is permitted."

Ostrich on a Chicken Egg

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SOCIAL CLASSES. A Study of Class Consciousness. By Richard Centers. Princeton University Press, Princeton, N. J. 1949. $3.50.

THIS book is primarily a research study. A thorough-going analysis of the methods employed in it is mainly of interest to the professional sociologist and social psychologist. However, a study of its premises and conclusions might be profitable to all intelligent citizens.

The author of this little book seeks an answer to such questions as: Does class consciousness exist in our American society and what are its manifestations? What is the correlation between stratification of society and social classes? What are the determinants of classes?

Social *classes,* according to Professor Centers, are "internally cohesive and genuinely functional class groupings bound together by group consciousness, common interests, sympathies, etc." They must be distinguished from social *strata* which Mr. Centers defines as "various categories of the population that are merely aggregates of people as defined by some objective criterion such as occupation or income."

Membership in a social class in the author's opinion is basically influenced by a person's occupation and economic position. Some readers will undoubtedly question this economic interpretation of class formation and would be able to point out at least significant modifications of this dogma or exceptions to this rule. Teachers, college professors, for example, do not generally belong to the higher income classes in the United States; while a considerable number of semi-skilled, not to mention skilled laborers, are included in the upper economic groups. Yet those professional people, mentioned above, do not share the political or social attitude and interests of the laboring class with which they have their economic status in common. In our opinion there is more idealistic thinking back of man's place and role in society than our author wants us to believe.

The conclusions at which our author arrives are not sensational. They simply confirm intelligent observations, frequently expressed before. The following are in summary the conclusions drawn from the elaborate research. The very small upper class, consisting of business and profession-

al men of wealth, are also people of superior education and excellent family connections. They are distinctly conservative. The middle class, composed mostly of small business men and office workers as well as the general run of professionals and independent farmers, enjoy a fairly comfortable standard of living, a good education, financial security, and decent family connections. Its members are conservative in their political and economic orientation. Over half the population of this country belongs to the third, the working class. These people are dissatisfied with their jobs, their opportunities, and their chances to enjoy life. Their political outlook is radical. They are out of sympathy with American traditions and are becoming increasingly class conscious, i.e., conscious of separate interests of the working class from those of the other two classes, economically and politically. As yet they are not ready to take over *political* control of society though they are moving in that direction and might secure it under the leadership of capable agitators. Such are the conclusions of the author.

F. K. KRUGER

Think Pieces

ACTIONS AND PASSIONS. By Max Lerner. Simon and Schuster, New York. 1949. 367 pages. $3.50.

THE chances are highly remote that the demises of PM and the *New York Star* are due to Max Lerner's intimate connection with them. He is a man of immense erudition (one small example is his superb introduction to the Modern Library edition of *The Prince* and the *Discourses* by Niccolo Machiavelli), a man of amazing intellectual energy *(The Mind and Faith of Justice Holmes),* and a man acutely aware of the temper and problems of the times in which we live *(Ideas Are Weapons).*

Actions and Passions is the product particularly of Lerner's third characteristic but contains much evidence of the other two as well. The title comes from one of Justice Holmes' memorable early speeches—"If life is action and passion, it is required of a man that he should share the passion and action of his time at peril of being judged not to have lived"—. The tremendous amount of material on which Lerner can draw from his reservoir of learning is exhibited in this "collection of pieces" originally written mostly for the New York newspaper *PM.*

Max Lerner is a liberal. Although this is a somewhat meaningless word, there seems to be no other that can be applied to him. He is as opposed to Communism as he is to capitalism in its oppressive forms. He is opposed to anybody's being pushed around by anybody else. He writes with a facile but not necessarily angry pen; he is caustic but not necessarily impatient. Lerner is a formidable and enthusiastic debater. He argues his own point of view with skill and determination, and yet with a fairness that is unfortunately oftentimes lacking in pundits and journalists.

One need not agree entirely with Lerner to appreciate the fact that he has caught the political, economic

and social atmosphere of the years 1945 to 1948, years which Lerner rightly calls an "exciting period." The subjects of Lerner's commentaries are as varied as the critical problems of these years: the Soviet Union, Governor Dewey, Palestine, Henry Wallace, Arnold J. Toynbee, Germany, Louis F. Budenz, James F. Byrnes, the Marshall Plan. These are keen observations of a distinguished teacher, writer, and scholar who writes from an undisguised and consistent "liberal point of view." They are profitable reading because they are "think pieces" which will make the readers think too. Should this result in disagreement, Mr. Lerner would not consider that to be particularly undesirable.

A. WEHLING

London Between Wars

ELEPHANT AND CASTLE. By R. C. Hutchinson. Rinehart and Company, New York. 1949. 658 pages. $3.75.

"NOTHING these sort of people like more than a mating, and when you give 'em a really first-class piece of miscegenation, from the way they look at it, it's worth a couple of hangings and a whipping thrown in," comments one Londoner at the wedding of Armorel Cepinnier and Gian Ardree. But their marriage has little of the calliope-pitched excitement of the carnival about it.

Armorel is the enlightened product of private schools and the Puritanical rearing of two maiden aunts. Gian is a surly, inarticulate son of the London slums. Their marriage is an extension of Armorel's inexorable efforts to right a chance injustice she had witnessed on a shabby street corner. When Gian falls in love with his benefactor, Armorel—with her precise logic—marries him to help him find what is commonly termed "the good life."

In the novel's opening sentence Mr. Hutchinson says, "The facts will be stated and you shall make your own judgments." In keeping with his intent all the ruffled edges of romance are sheared away by his impartial reporting. And yet *Elephant and Castle* essentially concerns love, the strange love that is the property of the saints. The author approaches this theme by exploring Armorel's terrifying ethics scraped bare of love for man or God.

The place, the people, and the philosophy of the novel are so securely fused together that no one segment of the book can be judged independently. One never has the impression that Mr. Hutchinson set about to write a book concerning London between World Wars, and yet the story almost inevitably emerges from this background. Its people—it is as abundantly populated as a Dickens novel—are the ultimate results of their castes, but never dwindle into prototypes. The story is propelled entirely by characters chafing against one another and acquiring new surfaces in the process. In telling the story the writer's prose frequently takes on the ethereal perception of poetry, but even in this long book he never indulges in fine writing for its own sake.

As a book club selection *Elephant*

and Castle is assured a substantial number of readers. If it does not find acceptance alongside of the better novels of our time, it will not be because Mr. Hutchinson has failed in any area of authorship. Armorel's relentless pursuit of reason may have too much of an evenness about it to stir a generation geared to super highways, Harry James and aspirin tablets. Or, perhaps, we are familiar enough with hatred to become curious about this study on the nature of love.

ROBERTA IHDE

"Who Is James K. Polk?"

YOUNG HICKORY, THE LIFE AND TIMES OF PRESIDENT JAMES K. POLK. By Martha McBride Morrel. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 381 pages.

DURING the presidential campaign of 1844, the Whigs taunted their Democrat rivals by asking, "Who is James K. Polk?" That question has long re-echoed in American minds despite Polk's exceptional record in the White House. This forgotten man of American history has recently been classified as one of our "near great" presidents in a poll taken of prominent American historians by Professor Arthur M. Schlesinger. Tribute is paid the serious and methodical Jackson protegé for successfully attaining the ambitious objectives he set at the start of his administration: lowering of the tariff, re-establishment of the Independent Treasury, the settlement of the Oregon dispute with England, and the acquisition of California.

In this volume Martha McBride Morrel has made an effort to do justice to the neglected president through the medium of fictionized biography. The result is an entertaining account of his personality, his accomplishments, and of the turbulent political scene in which he played such an important role. Interest is aroused principally by the technique of smooth dialogue which she has either imagined or built upon allusions contained in her source material. In this, however, the author disappoints the scholar, who, in the absence of footnotes, is left helpless as to the source of certain startling details, such as Henry Clay's supposed farewell comment from the gallery of the House when Polk was retiring as Speaker of that body: "Go home, God damn you! Go home where you belong!" The lack of documentation is particularly felt inasmuch as the author ascribes a warmth of personality and sense of humor which departs so violently from the traditional picture of a determined, seldom smiling, and never relaxing Polk. In general, her picture of "Young Hickory" is one of a man without flaws but misunderstood.

As a historian of Polk's time, the author achieves various results. Certain phases, such as Polk's struggle with the spoils system, the growing divergence of North and South as evidenced in the controversy over the Wilmot Proviso, and of the political implications behind the actions of Generals Taylor and Scott during the Mexican War, were handled in a

way that contributed to an understanding of those problems. But in many others, such as in the controversy over the Bank of the United States and the Oregon boundary dispute, the treatment is entirely inadequate. And in still other problems, the author flies in the face of strong historical evidence. This is particularly true of her evaluation of the Whig party and of Polk's share in responsibility for the Mexican War. A defender of Polk throughout the volume, she neglects entirely a justification of his action of sending American troops into the disputed territory, one of the important incidents which served as a precipitant to bring on the war.

DAN GAHL

Fascism Still Lives

THE EMBERS STILL BURN. By Ira A. Hirschmann. Simon and Schuster: New York. 1949. 272 pages. $3.00.

MR. HIRSCHMANN has given this "angry book" the long, self-explanatory sub-title: "An Eye-Witness View of the Post War Ferment in Europe and the Middle East and Our Disastrous Get-Soft-With-Germany Policy."

This is not an armchair appraisal of the facets of American foreign policy with which it is concerned. The author has personally visited Europe and the Middle East where he talked with diplomatic and military personnel, with the tragic displaced persons in their camps, and with the employees of UNRRA often working under deplorable and tragic conditions. Mr. Hirschmann himself had a quasi official position because he traveled as the personal envoy of the late Fiorello LaGuardia when the former mayor of New York was the head of UNRRA.

The "message" of this hard-hitting "minority report" is that the embers which are still burning are those of Fascism, and that they all too easily can be fanned into flames by intransigence and stupidity in high places. The thesis is that the division of the world into two opposing camps is an unnecessary disaster for which the nation-states of the West must share the blame with the Soviet Union. Mr. Hirschmann believes that this disunity is deliberate, and that war between the West and the Soviets is being "arranged" or that war at least is being made inevitable. Particularly does he fear our failure effectively to denazify and demilitarize the people and the industries of western Germany. Especially does he decry that undisguised hatred of the Soviets which to him adversely affects the work of American diplomats, army officials, and reporters.

Undoubtedly the author has something here. The post war picture, particularly in Europe, is not all black or all white, but the usual grays. The author pleads for that motivation of our foreign policy which will keep the embers of fascism gray, and not allow them again to inflame the world. But the Soviets blow on these embers as well as we of the West. No matter what justification the Soviets may provide for their suspicious and uncooperative attitude in Europe, it

will be unsatisfactory as long as the end of world Communism remains their goal. We want to get along with them, but not exclusively on their terms. We do not want war. Nobody in his right mind wants war. Whoever starts the next one will bear an incalculable responsibility. We do not claim that we are acting like angels in Germany and in the Middle East, but neither are we acting like traditional conquerors or like jellyfish. Let the Soviet meet us halfway and Mr. Hirschmann's embers will go out.

A. WEHLING

Retreat or Return?

SCOTT-KING'S MODERN EUROPE. By Evelyn Waugh. Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1949. 89 pages. $2.00.

SCOTT-KING is a middle-aged schoolmaster of Granchester, a public school in England. He has been classical master for a score of years and witnessed the curriculum of Granchester gradually change from Classical to Modern. The school used to be equally divided into Classical and Modern, but now only a handful of boys could read Greek. However, Scott-King "found a peculiar relish in contemplating the victories of barbarism . . . " in this case, barbarism being the triumph of modern studies over the classics.

During a holiday on the Rhine, Scott-King comes across a poem written by Bellorius, an obscure poet of the seventeenth century. Scott-King translates this poem into Spencerian stanzas. Bellorius's fatherland, now called the Republic of Neutralia, was once a happy kingdom of the Habsburg Empire. Since then Neutralia has undergone "dynastics wars, foreign invasion, disputed successions, revolting colonies, endemic syphilis, impoverished soil, masonic intrigues, revolutions, restorations, cabals, juntas, pronunciamentos, liberations, constitutions, coups d'état, dictatorships, assassinations, agrarian reforms, popular elections, foreign intervention, repudiation of loans, inflations of currency, trades unions, massacres, arson, atheism, secret societies . . . you will find all these in the last three centuries of Neutralian history." Neutralia is now a turbulent modern state with one party whose head is a Marshal, whom the Neutralians dislike considerably.

Because of Scott-King's devotion to Bellorius, which becomes known abroad, he receives an invitation to Neutralia to take part in the Bellorius Tercentenary Celebration. Scott-King accepts and from that moment begins Scott-King's summer nightmare. His visit to Neutralia is anything but the summer holiday he pictured. It finally turns out that the Bellorius Association has been made dupes by the politicians; that Bellorius is now thought to be a Byzantine general with no connection with the New Neutralia or the Old; and as a result Scott-King is called a "Fascist beast" and a "reactionary cannibal" because he sought to defend the truth about Bellorius.

Scott-King is forced to return to England through the Underground and reaches Granchester in time for the new school year. The headmaster

asks Scott-King that although one could not conceive of Granchester without Scott-King, the time may come when there will be no more classical boys, and would Scott-King consider taking some other subject . . . "history, for example, preferably economic history?" "No," answers Scott-King. "But, you know, there may be something of a crisis ahead . . . what do you intend to do?" asks the headmaster. Scott-King replies, "I will stay as I am here as long as any boy wants to read the classics. I think it would be very wicked indeed to do anything to fit a boy for the modern world." "It's a short-sighted view, Scott-King." "There, headmaster, with all respect, I differ from you profoundly. I think it the most long-sighted view it is possible to take."

There is still another point of view to take, namely, that Scott-King very likely does not wish to face the reality of present-day chaos, and therefore retreats to the much more sensible and pleasant classics.

Evelyn Waugh has been described by Edmund Wilson as a "comic genius," and in this 89-page satire, Waugh is at his best. Although, however amusing the book, Waugh does not spare the whiplash in his fierce ridicule of modern society.

GRACE WOLF

Another Psychoanalysis Job

THE CHRISTMAS TREE. By Isabel Bolton. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 1949. 212 pages. $2.75.

THE Christmas season, thought Mrs. Danforth, pacing up and down in her living-room, did queer things to you, compassing you round with all your memories—remembering other Christmases, you might indeed say other existences. . . ." She muses over her own childhood. "Dressed in her sheer white frock with its blue sash and in her white silk stockings and her patent-leather pumps, there'd been something about the way she'd felt—six sleek shining curls hanging over her shoulders, down her back—that had given her, starched and soaped and scented as she was, and standing there among the cousins and uncles and the aunts (each and every one of whom confirmed her in it, with their smiles and acquiescent nods), a sense of waiting, angelically prepared, on ceremonials of a nature far surpassing earthly joy." Bit by bit Mrs. Danforth sorts out people and tragedies in the corridor of generations that have resulted in her son's homosexuality. Her psychoanalysis is more fragile than Freudian.

Like the sensitive creatures of *The Christmas Tree* who perish under the burden of their own passions, the book, so nobly begun, disintegrates as the tale wears on. One wonders if so capable a writer as Miss Bolton deliberately destroyed her own work in an attempt to symbolize the centrifugal tearing apart of the characters. Despite the lack of cohesion in the latter pages the author always keeps a perfect communion with the souls of Mrs. Danforth and company.

Although *The Christmas Tree* occupies a full book, it has the skimming, dipping quality of a short story. It does, however, become a literary hybrid because Miss Bolton

is more poet than storyteller. While she quotes William Blake to good effect, she is more correctly the kin of T. S. Eliot. This is most evident when the homosexual, drunk in a New York bar, considers the neon-intestined juke box, the welter of "double faces, disarranged faces, faces out of focus, Picasso faces, Picasso bottles, Picasso bodies, Picasso souls" and unexpectedly injects the litany "God have mercy upon us; Christ have mercy upon us."

Although the book does not fulfill the promise of its first chapters, it is evident that its place in contemporary literature will be less ephemeral than the average Christmas tree.

ROBERTA IHDE

For Troubled Hearts

PEACE OF SOUL. By the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Fulton J. Sheen, S.J. Whittlesey House, New York. 1949. 292 pages. $3.00.

TROUBLED souls who have fed upon the husks of Joshua Liebman's *Peace of Mind* will welcome the nourishing food of *Peace of Soul.* Protestants will find much to dispute in Msgr. Sheen's theology but they, too, will find in *Peace of Soul* an analysis of the problems of twentieth-century man which is fundamentally Christian, despite its admixture of Roman Catholic dogma.

Sheen's writings always show one dominant characteristic: they speak with authority and they speak out of what must be a profound love and knowledge of our Lord. In *Peace of Soul,* Sheen talks about the things that so many Protestant writers either ignore or play down: sin, the Cross, damnation, the need for a radical regeneration. He offers no easy solutions to the problems of the soul. He postulates a Via Dolorosa which must be walked all the way to Calvary if the soul would find its peace. And he offers no lesser hope than a complete abandonment to Christ.

It is unfortunate that unacceptable dogmas must be detected and rejected even while we accept the validity of the greater part of what he has to say. It is unfortunate also that Msgr. Sheen has a tendency to reason from analogies which, like all analogies, break down somewhere along the line. But even with these objections, we know of no better answer to the pretensions of the godless world view which characterizes most of modern psychiatry than Sheen's answer.

To the great problems of the mind and the heart, Sheen gives the answer which the Christian faith has always given:

> Once the soul has turned to God, there is no longer a struggle to give up these (bad) habits; they are not so much defeated, as crowded out by new interests. There is no longer a need of escape—for one is no longer in flight from himself. He who once did his own will now seeks to do God's will; he who once served sin now hates it; he who once found thoughts of God dry or even unpleasant now hopes above all else one day to behold the God Whom he loves. The transition the soul has undergone is as unmistakable as the passage from death to life; there has been, not a mere giving up of sin, but such a surrender to Divine Love as makes him shrink from sin because he would not wound the Divine Beloved.

The American Man

PATHS TO THE PRESENT. By Arthur M. Schlesinger. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1949. 302 pages.

FOR many of us, it would be enough simply to say: "Here is a book, called *Paths to the Present;* its author is Arthur M. Schlesinger of Harvard." The sensational rise of young Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., with *The Age of Jackson* has not dimmed the eminence and abilities of the elder historian. In addition, the bibliography and suggested readings are worth much more than the price of the book.

He begins the book with a classical interpretation of that unique figure, The American Man. This American Man is European, individualistic, Puritan, materialistic, versatile, and conservative. On the other hand, The American Man is also American, a joiner, crassly secular, idealistic, specialized, and a believer in progress. He is both married and divorced against and within himself. No wonder the American body, mind, and soul can always manage to go in the same direction at different times. This interpretation of the American is followed with interesting and basic evaluations of democracy, politics, presidents, war, peace, cities, food, and the American proclivities for prophecy.

Schlesinger can also turn the neat phrase. Here is an example: "If an American has no purposeful work on hand, the fever in his blood impels him nevertheless to some visible form of activity. When seated he keeps moving in a rocking chair." And another: "Sometimes the cause is an attitude of dogma-eat-dogma." Schlesinger is a good history professor who could live by writing.

Ignorance is not so damnable as humbug, but when it prescribes pills it may happen to do more harm.

GEORGE ELIOT

The READING ROOM

By THOMAS COATES

Cousins at the Waldorf

THERE was nothing in the recent and unlamented "Cultural and Scientific Conference for World Peace" held at the Waldorf-Astoria to merit for it a place in history—except the address delivered at the banquet by Norman Cousins, editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature.* The speech has been reprinted in the form of an editorial in the April 9 issue of *SRL,* and it is worth reading.

When Dr. Harlow Shapley, the noted Harvard Russophile, invited Mr. Cousins to address the conference, the editor rejected the bid, rightly pointing out that the gathering would obviously be nothing but another Communist propaganda device, in which Russia would be lauded to the skies and the United States bitterly denounced. On second thought, however, and in consultation with the State Department, Mr. Cousins decided to accept the invitation anyway, feeling that in this way at least one pro-American voice would be heard at the Waldorf. He delivered the speech, all right, only to be roundly booed, hissed at, and insulted for his efforts. But to read his message is to applaud his courage and to swell with pride that one man, at least, in that motley crowd of faceless Communist puppets, had the fortitude to speak up in behalf of his native America and to spell out the principles of true liberty and democracy which form its birthright.

"Tell the Folks Back Home" is the title of Mr. Cousins' message, and this, in part, is what he had to say:

> Americans want peace. They will work for peace and they will sacrifice for peace. But they do not want peace at any price. If the price of peace is injustice, they will reject peace. If the price of peace is the loss or distortion of values they cherish, they will reject peace. If the price of peace is spiritual denial, they will reject peace. If the price of peace is retreat from the rights of man, they will reject peace. This is not a prophecy. This is historical fact.

Warming to his subject, he told his hearers to go back home and tell their countrymen the real story of America:

> Tell the folks back home that it is a lie to say that any single group dominates the thought or action of the American people—not excluding Wall Street or the American Communist Party.
>
> Tell the folks back home that Americans are anti-Communist but not anti-humanitarian, and that being anti-Communist does not mean that they are pro-war.

They booed Mr. Cousins at the Waldorf for saying that, but his fellow Americans will cheer him to the rafters.

Dorothy Was Duped

And she admits it. Dorothy Thompson, we mean, who writes in the *Saturday Evening Post* of April 16, "How I Was Duped by a Communist." It seems that during the war Miss Thompson, in the goodness of her heart, found a place on her research staff for a European refugee with the mellifluous name of Hermann Budzislawski. To make a long story short, Hermann was a Communist in disguise, but it took Dorothy an awfully long time to find it out. Meanwhile, Mr. Budzislawski was drawing down a handsome salary from Miss Thompson, "sponging" on her for meals, furnishings for his home, etc. During this time he was secretly gathering material which he could later use against his employer and benefactor.

Today Mr. Budzislawski is serving his Communist masters on the faculty of the University of Leipzig, in the Russian Zone of Germany. There, as professor of sociology, he has a field day attacking the "decadent culture" of the United States, with plenty of sideswipes at Dorothy Thompson.

It is regrettable that Miss Thompson, together with so many other bemused intellectuals, was so slow to perceive the Communist menace, and so ready to decry any effort to ferret out the Red agents from their secure niches within the structure of our government as a "witch hunt." She confesses:

> I cannot assert that I was not warned. I was told early in my association with him that he had Communist connections. But, like many persons in official positions, I refused to be influenced. . . . I therefore dismissed them as "red-baiters," attacking an innocent man.

She therefore sounds the timely warning:

> At a time when others are describing Communist infiltration as a "red herring," and the exposure of it as "red-baiting," my own experience demonstrates the fact of such infiltration and the necessity of greater caution than is normal for Americans to

exercise. . . . If the American Age of Innocence does not emerge into adult realizations, innocence no less than malice can prove our undoing.

Mayer and the Chicago Tribune

FOR more than six years we read the *Chicago Tribune* every day, so we have some first-hand knowledge of its methods and style. For a long time, too, we have been reading the offerings of Milton Mayer, long-time "Man Friday" for the University of Chicago's Chancellor Robert M. Hutchins and latterly a militant crusader for world peace (at any price, it would seem from his writings).

Peace, however, is not the theme of Mr. Mayer's article in the April *Harper's*. It is rather a declaration of war—war against the *Chicago Tribune*. Mr. Mayer does not, as is so often his custom, dip his pen in vitriol. He doesn't need to. All he does—with utter devastation—is to state facts, all of which are heavily documented.

His procedure is to take a news article which appeared in the *Tribune* on November 14, 1948, entitled "Name Angels of Moves to Curb Press," and to reprint it in its entirety. Then he appends page after page of voluminous footnotes, to present the true facts concerning the various items, allusions, and aspersions contained in the original article. The result is to leave the *Tribune* story in shreds, and to expose it for the tissue of distortions and misrepresentations that it really is.

The *Tribune* boasts of being "the world's greatest newspaper." (Hence the call letters of its radio station, WGN.) We once heard a journalist state that if the front page and the editorial page were cut out of the paper, the claim might be almost true. In many respects it is a great piece of journalism. Its circulation is stupendous. It has run every other competitor in the morning newspaper field out of business in Chicago. Nevertheless, its blatant practice of editorializing in its news columns, its unblushing "smear" tactics, and its *ex parte* presentation of the news have greatly sullied its record and detracted from its influence among thinking people.

At any rate, Milton Mayer has taken the *Tribune* through the wringer. We liked his objectivity, his omission of ranting and vituperation in dealing with such a controversial subject. We wonder now what, if anything, the *Tribune* is going to do about Mr. Mayer.

The Human Welfare State

IN THE April issue of *Survey* (formerly *Survey Graphic*), Associate Justice William O. Douglas presents the case for "The Human Welfare State." In this

article, which is a reproduction of an address which Mr. Douglas delivered at Occidental College, the Justice terms the "human welfare state" as "the great political invention of the twentieth century." There is some question in our mind as to whether the twentieth century can actually lay claim to the distinction of having given birth to the welfare state. What about Bismarck and his far-reaching social legislation in Germany more than a half century ago?

Mr. Douglas has laid his finger upon the basic issue confronting our country today. How far can we go in social legislation, in making the government responsible for the security and well-being of its people, without sacrificing individual liberty? Mr. Douglas does not see any incompatibility between the two goals: bread for the stomach and freedom for the soul. He writes:

> The challenge to us is to avoid becoming prisoners of any dogma, whether it be free enterprise or government ownership or control. We must preserve flexibility in our thinking, so that we may pick and choose the best device for each task at hand. We must carry that attitude into our social and economic affairs. We must nourish the experimental approach. We must seek in our economic organization the balance that preserves freedom for the individual and security for the masses.

A BRIEF GLANCE AT  RECENT PUBLICATIONS

A SURVEY OF BOOKS

THE NORMAL SEX INTERESTS OF CHILDREN

By Frances Bruce Strain. Appleton-Century-Crafts, Inc., New York. 1949. 210 pages. $2.75.

CERTAINLY not the least of the many problems confronting those who have the responsibility of guiding the growing child is the problem of sex education. Steering the child to a sane sex maturity is a difficult and painful task for many parents. Unpleasant as the task may be, it dare not be ignored. Is the difficulty of the task enhanced by the lack of training and understanding on the part of parents?

Here is a long list of observed sex interests of children at all ages from infancy through adolescence, as well as an interpretation of these interests. These observations record the child's interest in the distinguishing features between the male and the female and the distinctive function of each sex. The age at which these interests appear, the type of questions asked by the normal child, and suggested teaching procedures are given.

Mrs. Strain does not claim this to be a scholar's treatise; however, to interpret all of the observations listed as sex interests may be an overemphasis of sex. It seems advisable to interpret any observed action of an individual in terms of his total background of experiences, his attitudes, his temperament, the level of maturity, and his training. Furthermore, is sex education of itself sufficient to bring a sane and moral maturity in matters pertaining to sex?

CUTLASS EMPIRE

By F. Van Wyck Mason. Doubleday & Company, Inc., Garden City, New York. 1949. 396 pages. $3.00.

THIS is the story of the buccaneer, Henry Morgan, who was the terror of the Spanish-held Caribbean area during the 17th century. It follows the pirate's career from the time of his escape as a Royalist from Cromwell's England to his return many years later as a candidate for knighthood by Charles II.

For a pirate, Morgan spends very little of his time at sea and, in this book, most of his campaigns against

the Spaniards are fought on land. Although he keeps the narrative historically reliable, the author cleans up the character of Sir Henry to the point where it is difficult to conceive of so fine a man in such a bloody business.

Readers who like a lot of action in their stories will enjoy reading this one some warm summer's day. It is by F. Van Wyck Mason who wrote the Major North series and several previous historical novels.

STALIN & CO.

By Walter Duranty. William Sloane Associates, Inc. 1949. 258 pages. $3.00.

THE Russians and the men who run Russia are supposed to be a mystery to most of us. But like love, we keep writing and talking about them. Very often, much more sense is made about the subtle processes of love. Walter Duranty, however, has more right to write about Russians than most. Throughout a good part of U.S.S.R. history, he was in Moscow as a reporter for the *New York Times.*

Stalin & Co., a book about the Politburo, gives us insights into the lives and actions of the small group that control Russia. The alterations in the leadership of Russia during the past few weeks emphasize the importance and timeliness of Politburo consideration. Duranty does not waste his time exaggerating the diabolical qualities of Stalin and Company. He seems to portray them as the usual and conventional national leaders who are trying to give internal and external stability to an adolescent nation with a severe case of growing pains.

Duranty suggests, furthermore, that "it serves no useful purpose to indulge in mutual recriminations, or to give the oversimple answer that East and West are everywhere at cross-purposes, and that 'never the twain shall meet' except in the shock of battle." Similar to all nations the Russians operate in an environment and atmosphere to which they have been conditioned historically. They have a neurotic and "psychopathic fear of invasion" and can point to countless invasions as proof. They have accepted the dogma of extreme socialism just as we have accepted the faith of democracy. They work under a "capitalism scare" just as we are watching the "red scare." And humanly enough, the one nation does not understand the other.

"If we hope for peace, we must understand these men" who are the Politburo and Russia.

RESOURCES FOR WORSHIP

By A. C. Reid. Abingdon-Cokesbury Press, New York. 1949. $2.00.

THE worship of God is of primary significance in the life of the believer. A promising trend in present-day Christianity is the search for ways and means of making worship more meaningful. It is within the nature of Christianity that the Christian at all times show a reverent relationship to God in Christ. This is carried out in worship.

Resources for Worship presents fifty five-minute chapel talks present-

ed by Dr. A. C. Reid to the students at Harvard University. The purpose of these addresses is to make worship meaningful and valuable.

The brief addresses treat basic Biblical themes and relate these themes to life. Each address draws the teaching from a Scripture passage clearly and effectively, centering the messages in Christ.

It would add a great deal to the value of the book if the talks were lengthened, since important topics are often merely alluded to instead of being discussed. However, for a few moments of richly rewarding reading, these addresses are most valuable.

LUTHER P. KOEPKE

THE PRICE IS RIGHT

By Jerome Weidman. Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York. 1949. 316 pages. $3.00.

HENRY CADE could easily be a symbol of this age, or of any age whose philosophy is materialism and whose goal is the dollar. Henry Cade is a bright young man with a future. He started out as a mimeograph boy and has become a partner in the Vinnaver & Jaxon news syndicate office.

A bitter rivalry exists between V & J and Hallock Ruyper, another large syndicate office. V & J own Buzz Wapping, a popular cartoonist, and the action begins when Wapping sells himself to Ruyper for a larger contract. Cade then signs up a small-town columnist, Wally Pohl, who has suddenly become of national interest. But Ruyper is also eager to sign up Pohl. While Henry Cade is on a business trip V & J arrange to merge with Ruyper. There is perhaps nothing which upsets Cade more than the hateful persons of Hallock Ruyper and his Sancho Panza, Wes Tietjen. When Cade returns and discovers what has been going on behind his back, there are strong words, tense moments, and fist fights in the distinguished offices of V & J. Cade who seemingly has a strong personality, has also a weak side and the desire for revenge and to get even takes possession of him. Using Wally Pohl as a tool, Cade prints a slanderous column about the dishonest past of Hallock Ruyper. Ironically, Cade's revenge boomerangs back on Cade. Sheepishly, he tries to piece together what remains after the storm. He is possessed with an uneasy, guilty feeling. His friends are cool. And the man he used to get even has been overtaken by a tragedy which must now rest on Cade's conscience.

Jerome Weidman's great skill in this book is his character analysis of what makes an ambitious man like Henry Cade tick, and how Cade's personality pluses and minuses meet various situations. GRACE WOLF

OUT OF EXILE

By Soetan Sjahrir. An Asia Book. The John Day Co., New York. 1948. 264 pages. $3.00.

ACCORDING to the title page, the greater part of this book is based upon letters by Soetan Sjahrir rewritten and edited in Dutch by Maria Duchateau-Sjahrir. It was translated by Charles Wolf, Jr., who

also wrote the introduction. It is a remarkable book and might be called the voice of Indonesia in its aspirations for freedom and self-government. It was mostly written in prison and exile in the form of letters to his wife and friends in Holland. Included is also a section covering the events in Indonesia during and since the war. When Indonesia proclaimed its independence in August, 1945, Sjahrir was chosen head of the Working Committee of the New Parliament and three months later he became premier, a post which he held till June 27, 1947. He has been representing the Republic's delegation in further negotiations with the Dutch.

AND THE THIRD DAY

A Record of Hope and Fulfillment. Edited by Sir Herbert Grierson. Pictures chosen by John Rothenstein. The Macmillan Co., New York. 1948. 297 pages. Indexed. $3.50.

THIS book fills a need. It is an Easter anthology. In his introduction, Sir Herbert Grierson writes: "It is Hope which conjures up visions of the better life for which men hope, no longer life on earth but a life lit by a light that never was on land or sea, a land the light of which is love. Easter is the greatest of Christian festivals, for it is the festival of Christian Hope . . . the festival of Spring, the return of light and life."

The book begins with selections from the Old Testament and from Greek and other classical authors, from the Apocrypha, and from the New Testament. These are followed by three cantos of Dante's *Paradise,* and by a wide variety of quotations from the works of English poets, including John Donne, George Herbert, John Milton, John Bunyan, Alexander Pope, Wm. Cowper, J. H. Newman, Robert Bridges, and others. It closes with the Collect for the Fourth Sunday after Trinity from the Book of Common Prayer. The book is to be heartily recommended to the discriminating reader.

THE CHAIN

By Paul I. Wellman. Doubleday & Company, Inc., Garden City, N. Y. 1949. 368 pages.

MR. WELLMAN tells an unusual and interesting tale. The town of Jericho, Kansas, provides the background for this story of a Presbyterian minister who has dedicated his life to a practicing Christianity. Father Carlisle, in some ways, repeats the story of Paul, since each had an unhappy beginning as far as the church was concerned. And one agrees with the bishop when he says to the young Carlisle, "What a pity if that bloody business (the Persecution of the Christians by Saul) had kept Christianity's supreme preacher —save only its Founder—out of the priesthood!"

The rich and influential congregation and the poor, nondescript "foreigners" of Jugtown find it hard to accustom themselves to Father Carlisle's aesthetic habits and uncompromising ideals. When he tries to bring the two sections of town together to worship in the same church,

he must fight the five or six self-righteous "rulers" of Jericho as well as the suspicious workers and tramps. Mr. Wellman describes with unfortunate truth the power of the press to create a mob feeling, and the complete lack of control in such a mob. The chain, worn by Father Carlisle both in his spirit and on his body, is at last broken. The changes brought about in the hearts of his parishioners by his penetrating influence seem a fitting memorial to his life and work. However, one cannot help but wonder at the suddenness and the sincerity of these changes.

Unfortunately, Mr. Wellman's writing falls into a commonplace and seemingly uninspired style. Nevertheless, he tells his story with clarity and with an understanding of the power of God's Word.

ANNA SPRINGSTEEN

IN WHOM WE LIVE
TEACH ME THY PATHS

Two volumes of Trinity Sermons. Augsburg Publishing House, Minneapolis, Minnesota. 1949. $2.75 each.

THESE two volumes of sermons will be followed by a third. All three volumes are to be sermons dealing with topics for Trinity season. It is exceptional that three volumes should be printed simultaneously by one publishing house dealing with one period of the church year. This may indicate a real interest in good preaching.

In Whom We Live and *Teach Me Thy Paths* each contains twenty-seven sermons by pastors of the Evangelical Lutheran Church. Three sermons by different pastors are printed for each Sunday on the Trinity season. As is to be expected, these sermons vary as to interest and quality. In general, however, they are well written and should be well received. These volumes should prove especially helpful to pastors in suggesting ideas for preaching during the summer months. LUTHER P. KOEPKE

SPRING IS NOT GENTLE

By Ronald Kirkbride. Doubleday and Company, Garden City, New York. 1949. 271 pages. $3.00.

AS A device for promoting pacifism and the cooperative movement, Mr. Kirkbride writes a novel of the early years of the marriage of a Quaker youth and his impulsive wife. The dramatic potentials of their life on a southern farm in the depression years before World War II are never fulfilled. Pacifism has been explained more poignantly in magazine articles. And cooperatives would have fared better if the author had compiled a diary of the haphazard little community and discarded his totally mediocre plot.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST STORIES—1948

Selected by the editors of the *Saturday Evening Post*. Random House, Inc., New York. Copyright 1948, published 1949. 313 pages. $2.75.

EACH year, the editors of the *Post* select the best short stories that have appeared in their magazine during the year and publish them in

book form. The writing, although it appears in a mass circulation magazine, is good and some of the stories have lasting value.

Among the more prominent writers included in this year's volume are Martha Gellhorn, I. A. R. Wylie, C. S. Forester, and Ernest Haycox. Altogether there are twenty stories by as many authors.

DOUBLE MUSCADINE

By Frances Gaither. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1949. 335 pages. $3.50.

DOUBLE MUSCADINE is not so much set in ante bellum Mississippi as drenched with it. Historical novels always present the problem of re-creating a situation which belongs to another generation in addition to the problems of telling a story. Mrs. Gaither takes the dive into the past neatly enough, possibly because she is a native of the South and the South, more than any other part of the nation, has clung tenaciously to its past.

But *Double Muscadine* is not particularly well written nor is the plot, based on an actual trial, particularly well contrived. Murder mystery fans, reared on fast-moving tales, will be impatient with the molasses-like pace. The scope of the novel could have been extended if Mrs. Gaither had handled more expertly the young wife's gradual discovery that one of her family's slaves is the mistress of her husband.

The Southern dialect, of which the author is overly conscious, is too sticky. So are the descriptions. We wonder how many readers got beyond the point where the heroine is termed a "little Georgia rose, fresh-plucked from God's garden of youth."

ROBERTA IHDE

JESUS AND THE DISINHERITED

By Howard Thurman. Abingdon-Cokesbury Press, New York. 1949. 112 pages. $1.25.

A GREAT deal is written about the so-called race problem by those who are not personally involved in the difficulties which they discuss. It is less frequently that we read a discussion of the problem by one who knows it from the inside.

The Rev. Howard Thurman is a Negro pastor in San Francisco. He writes from the point of view of one who knows what social discrimination means.

In *Jesus and the Disinherited,* the Rev. Mr. Thurman takes what might seem to be a strange point of view for one speaking from his situation. The author says that Jesus was a member of an oppressed people and that His teachings are to be considered in this light. The writer then shows, under the topics of fear, deception, hate, and love, that the teachings of Jesus are to be applied by minority and oppressed groups to themselves first. Such attitudes as fear, deception, and hate accomplish nothing when used by minority groups in relation to majority groups. The author feels that more love must be demonstrated by all people, and that if oppressed and minority groups would follow the teachings of Christ there

would be a much better possibility for all groups to live together in peace.

ALIEN LAND

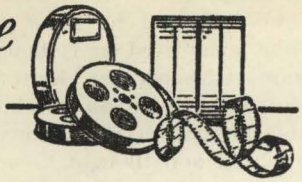
By Willard Savoy. E. P. Dutton & Company, New York. 1949. 320 pages. $3.00.

KERN ROBERTS was the child of a white mother and a Negro father. He was not a white boy nor a black boy. He tried to live the life of a white boy but never succeeded. He was forced to live as a colored boy, but by the Negroes he was contemptuously called a "half-white nigger."

Early in his life his white mother was murdered by a Negro, and Kern was brought up by his father, leader of the Freedom League. Because of his color, Kern often passed as a white boy, and he knew how the white man lived and thought. Because of his heritage, Kern was undeniably a Negro, and he knew also from bitter experience, how the Negro lived and thought.

This is a moving story of the hates and fears and loneliness of a boy in an alien land—a land in which neither white people nor black people want him as one of their own. The author writes with fierceness and lashes out his hatred at the injustice done to Negroes. He writes with a driving intensity and tells a story which ought to be read.

GRACE WOLF

The  *Motion Picture*

THE CRESSET *evaluates one of the world's most powerful forces*

Two years ago the American Motion Picture Industry ostensibly purged its ranks of Communists and Communist sympathizers. Most of the heroics and mock-heroics of the odoriferous and highly publicized proceedings have been forgotten. There remains only an unpleasant dark-brown taste to remind us of the distasteful performances of certain prominent figures.

I wonder how many readers know that in recent months the Soviet film industry has undergone a similar purge—a purge designed to expose and eliminate cinema workers accused of being Hollywood sympathizers. In Sovietland a purge is a grim and serious business. Reports from Moscow indicate that those who dare to stray from the paths prescribed by the party line are dealt with in a summary manner.

What are the charges brought against the so-called "anti-Soviet elements"? One, L. Trauberg, a leader in Soviet cinema circles, is said to have advanced the idea that the American film industry is the "spiritual forefather of Soviet film art," when, as every good Russian should know, the approved party line makes it clear that the American motion picture "began in decadence and ended in Ku Klux Klanism."

Then there is the commentator who foolishly praised Walt Disney's world-famous cartoons instead of denouncing Mr. Disney as the "arch-reactionary" Soviet bosses categorically declare him to be.

The charge against another writer, one R. Erdstrem, says that by clever and insidious methods "he did try to deflect the Soviet mind from the awful evils of Hollywood by dwelling at length on the costumes worn by Ingrid Bergman in *Saratoga Trunk* and in *The Bells of Saint Mary's.*"

A double-barrelled blast is aimed at the magazine *Film Art.* This magazine, its detractors say, is in the hands of perfidious un-

Russian conspirators who use its pages to wage an unremitting campaign "to defile Soviet movie-making with idealism, formalism, cosmopolitanism, and other cancerous ideological by-products of admiration for Hollywood."

The purge of the "decadent aesthetes" in the Soviet film industry is only a part of the general plan to wipe out everything un-Russian and anti-Soviet in all the arts and sciences. A statement made at a meeting of film-makers summarizes the official decree formulated by the heads of the Ministry of Cinematography and the Administration for the Production of Artistic Films. This statement reads: "Soviet film art does not have foreign fathers and mothers. We are Russian, Soviet artists and have always gone, and will always go, by our own Communist road. Our art has no other paths."

The long arm of the Soviet Union reaches into the affairs of its satellite neighbors. Taking a cue from the Big Boss in the Kremlin, the Communist leaders of Bulgaria turned a searching light on the state of Bulgarian culture. They must have found something rotten in Bulgaria; for, without further ado, they fired all the regularly appointed critics of drama, music, motion pictures, sports, art, and literature. Henceforth, by official order, those who attend the *première* of a play, movie, ballet, or sports event must remain after the event to discuss the performance and to deliver a verdict. If the critics—the audience, that is—decide that the entertainment is ideologically pure, all will be well. If, however, they find even a slight deviation from the Marxist doctrines, the show must be altered, as one witty correspondent put it, "to comply with the aesthetic and athletic views of Papa Marx, a well-known ballet master, litterateur, playwright, film producer and soccer stand-out of the last century." All this would be very funny if it were not so tragic.

The David O. Selznick $2,500,000 production of Robert Nathan's 1940 best seller novel *Portrait of Jennie* recalls to my mind an Off the Record cartoon I saw not long ago. The cartoon depicts a disgruntled-looking pair making their way out of a movie theater. The words under the picture read, "In every movie I've seen lately the real villain is the producer!"

Portrait of Jennie (David O. Selznick, William Dieterle) could have been an effective little fantasy if producer and director had retained the ethereal, luminous quality of Mr. Nathan's novel. Instead, they chose to huff and puff it into a costly, pretentious, and somewhat confused and confusing spectacle, full of sound,

fury, and hifalutin' nonsense. A notable cast is wasted on this king-sized trifle.

Then there is *Little Women* (M-G-M, Mervyn Le Roy). Again the producer is the villain. This new screen version of Louisa May Alcott's enduring favorite has been drenched in molasses, mounted on artificial sets done in picture-card technicolor, and packed with cute tricks and gooey dialogue. The 1949 edition of *Little Women* lacks the charm and the persuasiveness of the memorable production released by M-G-M in 1933.

The Red Pony (Republic, Lewis Milestone) affords another example of good material wasted —in this instance because of poor casting, slushy philosophizing, standard technicolor settings, and a generous sprinkling of clichés. John Steinbeck's appealing story of a sensitive boy's experiences on a ranch had charm, point, and conviction. Somehow or other, Mr. Steinbeck did not succeed in transferring these qualities to his motion-picture script. Aaron Copland outdoes himself in his music for *The Red Pony*.

Just let yourself go and spread the blame around when you appraise *Mother Was a Freshman* (20th Century-Fox, Lloyd Bacon). The producer should have known better, the director should have known better, Loretta Young should have known better, and you should know better than to waste your time on this hackneyed and dismal attempt at comedy. I say this even though two well-padded, popcorn crunching ladies sitting back of me declared over and over again that the picture is "just darling," "too cute," "the sweetest thing I've seen in ages," and that Loretta Young "looks just like a girl."

The subject of juvenile delinquency has been a popular theme for novelists and playwrights in recent years. *Knock on Any Door* (Columbia, Nicholas Ray), adapted from Willard Motley's widely read novel, again underscores society's responsibility to the youth of our land and again emphasizes the fact that squalid and crowded slum areas are breeding places for crime, violence, and immorality. *Knock on Any Door* is too heavily tinged with the color and the aroma of Hollywood make-believe to be a true sociological document.

Magnificent photography and the age-old lure of the sea are the outstanding features of *Down to the Sea in Ships* (20th Century-Fox, Henry Hathaway). Tangy and bracing sea breezes imbue a sentimental tale with a measure of vigor and freshness.

Ignore the silly plot and concentrate your attention on the engaging song sequences, the excel-

lent dance routines, and the colorful water scenes when you see *Take Me Out to the Ball Game* (M-G-M, Arthur Freed).

A Kiss in the Dark (Warners, Delmer Daves) is a commonplace yarn which will not enhance the reputation of Academy Award winner Jane Wyman.

Two horse operas are on tap. *South of St. Louis* (Warners, Ray Enright) plays against a Civil War background; *El Paso* (Paramount, William Foster) takes place in the troubled period just after the close of the War Between the States. Both pictures are filled with violence, historical inaccuracies, and muddled moralizing.

Outpost in Morocco (United Artists, Robert Florey) is a stale rehash of material which has been overgrown with mold for a long time.

Too many stereotypes blunt the impact of *The Undercover Man* (Columbia, Joseph H. Lewis), a new film designed to show the activities of the agents of the Treasury Department.

Verse

Smoldering Hearth, Forest Park

The smoldering hearth in the rain of a winter afternoon
casts a gray spell over my steps. Could I tell
who burnt these trinkets in so still a place, or who
despised the rain to light the clumsy fire, or who
prepared this warmth for me, I might soon shed my wonderment.

Behind the art museum where Young Sophocles twills
a stringless lyre with his mouth agape, and stands
thin and beautiful by the radiator, I compare
this art of smoking ashes to the muted lyre:
this living heap of silence to the deadest sound
of Greece and all her angels. But now

down to the road, then across the creeks removed
from sight, up toward the forest, to the cinder path
(no riders today: not in the cold wet ice).
So hard to pray, even pray, when the woods are thick
with the winter, so hard to kneel. And then,
when the heart is cold it is not possible to kneel
and mean it. Patience, I say: patience is my desire.
But where, but where? And the answer is soft with the rain:

In the summer, when the fire stays lit, when the rain
is done.

WALTER RIESS

Little Girl Next Door

The wisp of a girl who lives next door
Has wide blue eyes and a pinafore
With ruffly bows. She came to play
And I gave her my doll from another day;
I baked some cookies—the first in an age—
And we cut out dogs from the very front page
Of my new magazine. We laughed at the cat
And pointed out wishes for *this* and *that!*
Her mother then called, "Come home now, Sue."
And she said as she left, "I loved playing with you."
Then I hurried to do the tasks waiting all day
And, strangely enough, they did seem like play!

HELEN BAKER ADAMS

Assignment in Sequins

Can you take the cloudy hours,
The remnant brown, the tiresome gray—
And stitch them with the brilliant beads
Of life to make them gay?

HELEN BAKER ADAMS

The Editor's Lamp

PROBLEMS

CONTRIBUTORS

FINAL NOTES

THE cost of living has caught up with THE CRESSET also. Expenses have increased to the point where we must frankly admit that they exceed our revenues. In the long run no publication can operate under such conditions.

We have never suffered from any delusions of grandeur as regards our work. At our best we have been unprofitable servants. And yet, as our Lord once entered Jerusalem riding upon an ass, so we feel that He has, at times, entered some areas of our own world through the pages of THE CRESSET. We are certain that, as long as He has need of us, we will be able to publish.

Our readers, if they feel that THE CRESSET performs a necessary function in our world and in our time, can help us greatly by recommending us to their friends and associates. Recommend us for what we are—weak and sometimes mistaken servants of the King who are trying, according to the abilities given us, to translate the eternal truths of revealed wisdom into judgments and appraisals of the contemporary scene. Every new reader will enrich our mutual fellowship and will contribute a share to the work of making the Word articulate in the life and problems of our day.

We expect many comments, mostly favorable but perhaps some less favorable, on the two-article series on "Christianity and Capitalism." Dr. Krauss, the author, has been one of Lutheranism's most vigorous champions of the idea that God speaks not only in the realm of the spirit but also in the realm which some have attempted to divorce from the spiritual by labeling it "secular."

Dr. Bretscher's discussion of the church in Germany comes at an especially appropriate time—just as the western Allies are in the process of setting up a new German state. Whatever form that state may take, the churches—Evangelical and Roman Catholic—will breathe into it whatever spirit it will have. We were very much encouraged by Dr. Bretscher's discussion of the spirit of the German Evangelical movement.